

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXV.—No. 906.

SATURDAY, MAY 16th, 1914.

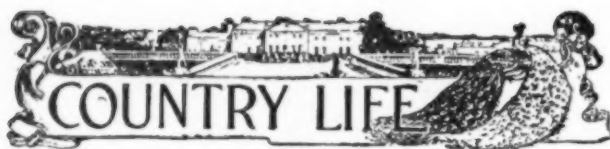
PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½D.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



RITA MARTIN.

VISCOUNTESS COKE.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Frontispiece: Viscountess Coke</i>	685, 686
<i>The Pleasure of Early Rising. (Leader)</i>	686
<i>Country Notes</i>	687
<i>The Chapel in the Garden, by Mabel Leigh</i>	687
<i>The Rectory Wood</i>	688
<i>To the Sand Dunes of the Sahara, by Wilfred H. Edgar. (Illustrated)</i>	689
<i>The Gun at Home and Abroad, by Frank Wallace. (Illustrated)</i>	692
<i>The Tale of an Okapi</i>	694
<i>Two Idlers on Eilean Mor, by M. D. Haviland. (Illustrated)</i>	695
<i>The Greenshank and its Nesting, by Seton Gordon</i>	697
<i>In the Garden: The Best Hardy Brooms, etc. (Illustrated)</i>	698
<i>Kennel Notes, by A. Croxton Smith. (Illustrated)</i>	700
<i>Country Home: Chilton House. (Illustrated)</i>	702
<i>Some Relics of Canons, by J. Starkie Gardner. (Illustrated)</i>	708
<i>Fellowship Books</i>	710
<i>Literature</i>	711
<i>Carducci: A Selection of his Poems, with Verse Translations, etc. (G. L. Bickersteth); The House in Demetrius Road (J. W. Bressford); Waiting (Gerald O'Donovan); The House of Pride (Jack London). Hunters in Spring. (Illustrated by G. D. Armour)</i>	712
<i>On the Green: Famous Golfers and Their Methods—Massy and Herd, by George Duncan; etc. (Illustrated)</i>	714
<i>Tennis</i>	715
<i>Agricultural Notes</i>	716
<i>Wild Country Life. (Illustrated)</i>	717
<i>Correspondence</i>	718
<i>Country Cottages (Henry Walker and F. W. Troup); Insects and Golf Greens (Professor N. M. Lefroy); Gulls in the Scilly Isles (Eleanor Shiffner); The Sailors' Molly Mawk (Captain D. Wilson-Barker); Country-made Wines (Thomas Ratcliffe); Roe Heads (F. Wallace); The Burnham Allar-piece (Henry Corder); Do Animals Reason? (F. W. Hochaday); The Bustard Inn (E. A. Rawlence); Petrification (G. A. M. Baker); Swifts at Campden Hill (Sydney Moore); Two Stalwart Shearers (J. T. Newman).</i>	
<i>Racing Notes. (Illustrated)</i>	3*
<i>From the Editor's Bookshelf</i>	4*
<i>The COUNTRY LIFE National Competition for Cottage Designs: Further Designs to Which Prizes were Given, by Lawrence Weaver. (Illustrated)</i>	7*
<i>Gothic Architecture in Spain</i>	12*
<i>The "Garden" Competition for Planning and Planting the Little Garden. (Illustrated)</i>	15*
<i>Polo Notes. (Illustrated)</i>	16*
<i>The Automobile World: The Light Car Trial, etc. (Illustrated)</i>	20*
<i>Shooting Notes. (Illustrated)</i>	30*
<i>Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)</i>	33*
<i>Polished Floors and Panelling. (Illustrated)</i>	36*
<i>Answers to Correspondents</i>	38*
<i>For Town and Country. (Illustrated)</i>	40*

THE PLEASURE OF EARLY RISING.

OUR contemporary, the *Times*, in its new and laudable ambition to be merry as well as wise, produced the other day a curious article on the aggressive early riser, in which that character was abused with great vigour. He was told in so many words that he was first cousin to Chanticleer, who crows as soon as he wakes. It was hinted that the cause of his early rising must have been the baby or an attack of insomnia, though he keeps that fact carefully to himself. Piling insult on insult, he is accused of gushing forth common-places about the early bird catching the worm. In civilised man, according to the writer, early rising is only a form of atavism. "The lower people are in the scale of civilisation, the earlier they get up." On that account the Londoner sleeps later than his brother of Manchester, and the rustic is abroad earlier than the townsman. "Any lofty motive is denied to people who get up early," since "early rising is the essential concomitant of slavery and degradation."

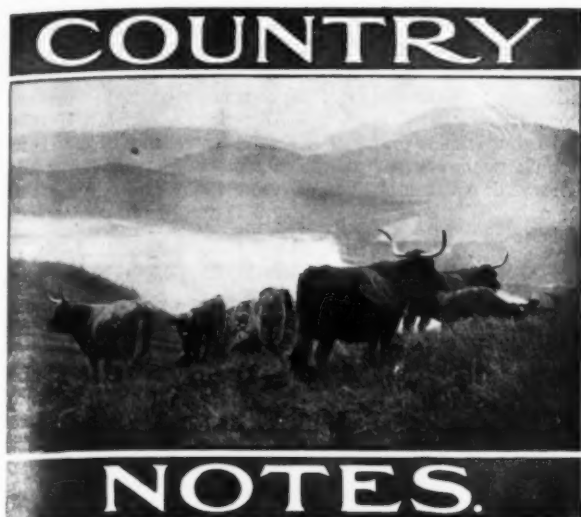
Working on these lines, the writer comes to the conclusion that the early riser has not mastered the art of living, and the gem of the piece is a description of what the writer esteems the holy and sacramental art of getting up. To carry it out properly one should in the morning "wake to the music of bird-song when the light is soft, and one should lie passive, allowing the light to steal gently upon the eyes with a lingering caress. Through wide-open windows should come in the mingling scents of flowers and grasses, trees and shrubs, and of the dew-fresh earth herself." One wonders what the sex might be of the philosopher who wrote this. It could scarcely be a man and hardly a woman of sporting tastes. In point of fact, it would have been impossible to select a more inappropriate time for this diatribe than the merry month of May. At this season of the year, what memories come back to us of stealing out of bed at dawn and hastening through the long wet grass to the stream-side, frightening the early feeding rabbits, and the red fox prowling in their haunts. We talk of a hill country and of fishing in a hill stream. No one who has at any time of life enjoyed this sport could rest comfortably in bed during the months of early summer. Take another picture, that of a man on horseback galloping over turfy down country in the tender dawn. Is there any joy quite equal to it?

We might challenge the writer even in regard to the Londoner who is referred to as being at the apex of civilisation. Time was when he slept in the morning till he had just time to make a hurried toilet before rushing to business. In those days the clubs were fuller of an evening and so were the public-houses than they are to-day. What is the reason of the change? The more intelligent Londoner now betakes himself to a residence suitable to his means as far as he can possibly get out of the town. He has turned gardener, and once that revolution has been accomplished, early rising follows as an inevitable consequence. No one who has experienced it can forget the pleasure of working among flowers and plants in the faint early sunlight, while the birds are whistling their matin songs and the blossoms perfuming the air. But now we arrive at an idea of the art of living very different from that which has been described. According to the one idea, enjoyment is found in passivity; according to the other, and in our opinion the sounder, it comes from exertion and activity. It would be very interesting to contrast the appearance at breakfast of the slug-a-bed, who has been lying awake listening to the music of bird-song when the light is soft, and the active, energetic gardener, who comes in with glowing cheeks and an appetite capable of clearing the table of everything eatable. Something would have been gained even if the matter ended there; but till the end of the day the healthy early riser will have the advantage of vigour in mind and body over the languid and decadent one who has risen like one performing a rite. Seriously speaking, the art of living is a phrase which covers many different ideas. It is a very self-conscious form of words. When the cup of life is drunk to the very dregs it is impossible to think of the act as an art, and fulness of life is what we all aim at. To many the picture of some epicurean sybarite lying in bed is a very decadent one. After all, it is in effort that true enjoyment is to be found, and our author makes a fearful mistake in imagining that some pecuniary reason—for it comes to that—induces the early riser to look out for the early worm. At any rate, we write here of those who rise in search of the purest pleasure earth can bestow—a pleasure too that is followed by no ill effects, but brings health and happiness in its train. Those devoted to it are not really aggressive. In our experience it has often happened that those who love early rising for its own sake creep out of bed and betake themselves to their favourite sport or other avocation softly and quietly. You can tell them only by their appetite and a look in their eyes as though it were always April or May with them.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR portrait illustration is of Viscountess Coke. Lady Coke is the fourth daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Walter Trefusis, C.B., and a grand-daughter of the nineteenth Lord Clinton. She married Viscount Coke, the eldest son of the Earl of Leicester, in 1905.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when application is made direct from the offices of the paper. When unofficial requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would at once forward the correspondence to him.



In our Correspondence pages this week we show two pairs of cottages built for Mr. N. C. Rothschild at Ashton, near Oundle. Two purposes are served by doing this. The first and more important is to call attention to these excellent little dwellings, which are comfortable within and equally admirable without. Those fine cottages are let at a trifle over a shilling a week, which, of course, means a very small return indeed for the capital expended on them. They would not have suited our purpose in the Competition, because in this case the owner did not limit his expenditure. Our idea was rather to serve the ends of those who do not see their way to build cottages that will not give a remunerative return. The other point we make very reluctantly. It is the undesirability of roofing these houses with thatch. We say this with very great regret, because no one could have a keener appreciation of the merits of thatch than we have. As a roof, it combines the qualities of being cool in summer and warm and comfortable in winter, and there is no other covering that seems so absolutely in keeping with rural surroundings. The one drawback against its use is its inflammability. As we write these words there is before us a newspaper paragraph telling that on Monday six thatched cottages on Lady Lovelace's estate at Elmsthorpe, Leicestershire, were burned down and thirty-two people left homeless. During the past six months—to take no longer period—there have occurred several calamities of exactly the same kind. In view of the danger, it is surely incumbent on those who build cottages to avoid this kind of roofing. We did not admit it into the Competition, and such events as that recorded in Tuesday's newspapers more than justify this action.

A ray of clear light is thrown upon the Black Prince, his age and surroundings, by the extracts from the old folio of Chronicles, which has just been discovered. Sir Henry Maxwell-Lyte says the book corresponds to one of three in the possession of the Record Office. The one just found has the word "Angleterre" at the top of every page. We know the Black Prince as a great fighting figure in history; but here are the homely details of an intimate portrait. We find him buying twenty-four garters to be given to the Knights of the Society of the Garter in 1348. The presents he gave to his relatives and others were indeed princely—a brooch to his mother, a cup of gold to his father; to his sister going abroad, a tun of Gascon wine; to another sister a brooch of gold with one large ruby above and two below, and two emeralds above, and one large one in the base and two diamonds at the side and six pearls in three troches with two diamonds in the middle. His presents were often of horses, the names of which have a pleasant old world flavour. Among them are Bayard Rousse, Bayard Bishop, Bayard Pilgrim and Bayard Jewel, the word Bayard probably pointing to a common sire. In the same way there occur Morel de France, Morel Pazdain, Morel Hewlitt, and there are Liard Pettiwatte, Grizel Pettiwatte and Veir Pettiwatte. Among others are two "hobbins," Duncrump and Dunkippor, and a little hackney named Wellifed.

Among the presents are some to stir the imagination. An order of the Prince's, for instance, ends in these words: "Whereas We have given and granted to our beloved Jane

of Oxford, once Our nurse, a tun of wine, We order this to be done. Deliver of our wines of a tun of good wine (to her). Given in the hostel of the Bishop of Ely, 28th June, 1357." But how difficult it is for us at this time of day to visualise the ancient well beloved nurse, Jane of Oxford! It will excite no wonder that the lavish Prince was occasionally in financial difficulties. How could it be otherwise when he not only gave, but purchased on so large a scale? We read of him buying four hundred and fourscore pearls, and on other occasions 1,307 pearls, 3,312 pearls and 3,840 pearls for £115 11s.—an immense sum in those days. He seems to have been very fond not only of pearls, but of rubies, diamonds and other precious stones. In consequence of all this, even his Royal purse seems to have become empty at times, and he had recourse to odd shifts for raising the wind. At one time he borrowed from "our well-beloved Sir Richard, Earl Darundell," a large sum on the security of the Crown and Star which he had gained in battle from the King of France. Lord Arundel would not seem to have received his payments regularly, for he passed on the Crown to a goldsmith named John Pecche. In return Pecche, when he went on pilgrimage, had permission "to hunt and do his pleasure in all chaces, parks, and warrens in the counties of Devon and Cornwall, in presence of the wardens of the said counties, who are to suffer John to hunt." On the whole, life in the fourteenth century in its essentials very closely resembled the life of to-day.

THE CHAPEL IN THE GARDEN.

(Villa Serbelloni, Bellagio, now an Hotel.)

Three cypress trees stand by the rusty gate
And guard the altar stone,
But he who comes will pass this way too late
For all the ghosts are gone.

Within the shrine a waxen taper gleams,
And by the open door
A blue-robed Virgin holds the Rose of Dreams
For those who dream no more.

There is a fresco on the faded walls
But its vague colours fail
To tell their story, told when evening falls
In song of nightingale.

Then silence drifts, and all the songs forsake
The length of dusky days,
A path drops sharply to the lonely lake
By dark and wooded ways.

The ghosts go with their children, these have fled
The Larian shore and home;
Their fathers trod these paths, but they will tread
'Neath alien stars alone. MABEL LEIGH.

There is no teaching equal to that which comes through the eye, and the directors of the Naval and Military Tournament are to be congratulated on selecting for the central piece of their display this year a subject at once so instructive and so full of enthralling interest as the end of the Roman Occupation. Incidentally, the Century Drill, as described by Claudius Aelianus in a letter to the Emperor Hadrian, slightly curtailed and rearranged, is acted before the spectators. In it the most curious features are undoubtedly the manœuvre which is described as *Orbem volve*, form orbe, a formation which, like our square, was to resist an attack of cavalry. The tortoise everybody knows, and yet it is brought home to them in a new and vivid manner when it comes as part of the drill of the Roman soldiers. These incidents will probably stir up a closer interest than the spectacular part of the display, which takes place on the Roman Wall, although this is extremely well conceived, and the onager and other ancient implements of war brought into play are well worthy of study.

A practical demonstration of the extraordinary advance which has been made by women in the domain of sport is found in the space which the daily papers have devoted to reporting the Ladies' Golf Championship. A few years ago this meeting would have been dismissed in a paragraph, for, to tell the truth, men golfers did not take very seriously that of the ladies. But the women have not only justified their invasion in this field, but have developed something very near to championship form. Mr. Bernard Darwin, commenting on a score made by Miss Leitch, describes

it as being "so good that it is difficult to imagine any one—man, woman or child—doing anything perceptibly better." To parody an old saying, "Praise from Sir Bernard Darwin is praise indeed." In this case we have the figures of the score to show that Mr. Darwin's eulogy was absolutely deserved.

The vicissitudes of racing are strikingly illustrated in the history of *The Tetrarch*. Last year it was deemed almost certain that this brilliant young horse was going to add to the historic glories of the English Turf. It was not only that he had a winning career, but he did all that was wanted of him with an ease that proved him to be one of those exceptional animals which make their appearance not more than once or twice in a generation. In preparing for the Imperial Produce Stakes last year the colt was so unlucky as to hit a leg, and from the effects of this accident he has never recovered. Owner and trainer seem to have gone on to the very last hoping against hope; but Mr. Persse, in a Press communication which we publish in another column, said that his leg had filled subsequent to his gallop on Tuesday, and he took the honourable and straightforward course of advising Captain McCalmont to scratch the horse and of publishing this information in the Press. It will be a matter of regret to all true sportsmen that *The Tetrarch* has not had an opportunity of showing that he was made of the same heroic stuff as *Eclipse* and the other racehorses of renown.

Polo is a beautiful game, but international matches seem to lead to nothing but complications. Last year it was the Americans who were embarrassed about how to make a choice for their team. Within three days of the International match it had not been decided to play the "Big Four." This year the English players are in a position equally embarrassing. Lord Wimborne, up to the time of writing, has not succeeded in getting together a team up to International form. It seemed as though Lord Wimborne might manage to get Captain Tomlinson, Captain the Hon. J. D. Y. Bingham, Captain F. W. Barrett and Major Hunter. The last mentioned, however, announced that he had finally decided that it was impossible for him to go owing to the illness of his wife. In the match which Lord Wimborne's team won against Hurlingham on Tuesday Mr. J. A. E. Traile played as substitute for Major Hunter. He is a first-rate man, and our hope at the time of writing is that he may be persuaded to go to Meadowbrook with Lord Wimborne.

Gardening is a pursuit that increases rapidly in popularity; but those who begin it find one considerable obstacle in the way. They find when they come to plant and sow that it would be greatly to their advantage if they possessed a familiar acquaintance with the plants. Names tell them very little, and besides, they cannot at first grasp the necessity of having them in Latin. The usual way in which knowledge is acquired is by conversation. The young gardener, having once been interested, enquires of his friends the names and characteristics of such flowers as he admires, and in this way goes on adding day by day and year by year to his stock of knowledge. Unfortunately, the accomplished friend is not always at hand, and hence the beginner's bewilderment. An excellent substitute for this teaching acquaintance has been found at Kew in the shape of an official lecturer, who goes round twice every day—at 11.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. He has his set days for alpine and water plants, herbaceous and rock plants, and so forth. It would be difficult to imagine a pleasanter or more efficacious method of acquiring that sound knowledge of plants which is the very foundation-stone of good horticulture.

It holds true of architectural ornament perhaps more than of anything else that what is poison to one man is nourishment to another. Many who walk in Park Lane must think of this proverb. For many a day those who have taste admired the leaden figures which supported a certain balcony roof. Some unknown genius must have been at the making of those lovely figures with their clinging wind-swept draperies. But the owner probably did not value them highly. At any rate, they disappeared from the house they had adorned for about fourscore years. Regret, however, was a little premature, as the caryatides in due time made their appearance on the balcony of a house only a few doors away. One wonders what was the inner history of their migration. Could it be that the original owner wist not of the beauty and value of his possessions?

Mr. Baerlein's victory in the final of the tennis championship over the American, Mr. Crane, was a gallant effort in itself, the result of good, strenuous tennis and of a thoughtful study of the methods and of the few weak points of his adversary; and it had the further peculiar interest of a contest between the old style of tennis which Mr. Heathcote helped to make classical and the newer mode of vehement attack which is characteristic of the American players. The weak point in Mr. Crane's game is undoubtedly the return of a hard ball backhanded, and it was largely by selecting this for his attack whenever opportunity served that Mr. Baerlein gained the match. Possibly Mr. Crane was a little below his best, but that is an aspect with which a man's game is nearly certain to impress the spectator when he finds his favourite winning strokes met with the success and certainty with which Mr. Baerlein returned them. The winner was conspicuously accurate in his placing, and showed that ability to rise to the occasion which is the mark of a great player, whether at tennis or any other contest. It would hardly be too much to say that in this match he played the game of his life.

THE RECTORY WOOD.

Time was when a breakfast in haste and a flight
For the station were held to be cheap,
As the price to be paid for the slothful delight
Of an extra few moments of sleep,
But now, steeped in love for the Goddess of Spring,
(Though I still catch the 8.59),
Where the blackbirds and thrushes and nightingales sing,
A more leisurely saunter is mine

Nay, I will not be hurried, for thro' the pale green
Of the beeches the sunlight streams down;
A tree-creeper scaling an oak trunk is seen,
Just a speck of scarce visible brown;
And the woodpecker laughs at his own little joke,
And the squirrels are shy of your glance,
And the bluebells are spread like a carpet of smoke
Where the Fairies at nightfall may dance.

And into the heart of the City that beats
With fierce passions that never can cease,
With the din and the rattle and roar of her streets
That know nought of the countryside's peace,
To the City that ever asks more than she gives,
Aye, and oft returns evil for good,
I bear in my spirit the spirit that lives
In the heart of the Rectory Wood.

R. S. T. C.

It would seem as though the very great care which has been expended on the making of golf courses has had the very undesirable result of bringing into existence, or at any rate into conspicuous notice, a little villain of a fly which has been christened the Golf Green Maggot. As confederates it has the common Leather-jacket and St. Mark's fly. In a very interesting letter, which will be found in another part of the paper, Professor Lefroy gives some remarkable particulars about the new enemy. He says it is extremely destructive when abundant, and this is exactly the season when it is preparing to abound. It is busy even now hatching out, and the flies that emerge are those that will lay eggs next month, which in turn become the destructive maggots of the golf green. But Professor Lefroy says that the maggot stage is the creature's vulnerable period. It should therefore be attacked with vigour. Professor Lefroy has found out a deadly weapon for the purpose which has the merit of acting equally well on the three insects—the Golf Green Maggot, the Leather-jacket and St. Mark's fly. The preparation is in the form of a powder, which is sprinkled on the green at the rate of ten pounds to two hundred square yards. It may be lightly watered or left to wash in with the first shower; it brings out from the soil all Leather-jackets, which may be swept up if very numerous; it kills the maggot of the fly and prevents the fly laying eggs; and it keeps the soil free from other insect pests. If Professor Lefroy is right, and we do not question that he is, the discovery will prove a great boon to green keepers.

Surely Mr. Balfour is the most versatile of all statesmen, living or dead. When the newspaper is opened in the morning one never knows what to expect from him. He may have been producing the most weighty and serious argument

against Home Rule, or expatiating to a University audience on the Unknown. The latest disquisition is on Pope and Dryden. In the course of it Mr. Balfour showed conclusively that the most effective argument is conducted in verse. This bald statement might set a lively imagination weaving fancy pictures of opponents addressing heroic couplets to one another from opposite sides of the House. We can easily imagine Mr. Lloyd George calling in the lyric muse to help his expression; but it is rather more difficult to visualise Mr. Bonar Law replying in rhymed couplets. Not that Mr. Balfour really meant all this. His ingenious theme was only that the moralisation of Dryden and Pope survived mainly because the exigencies of rhyme had compelled them to crystallise their thought and seek such devices as the paradox and the epigram to give it form and striking power.

It appears as if the nightingales must have commenced nesting this year immediately on their arrival in the country. It is impossible otherwise to explain nests, with eggs, being found at the very beginning of May, as has happened this season—quite an unusually early date. Another notable fact is the immense numbers of the swifts, which are far more numerous in many parts of the South of England than either house-martins or swallows. It is not many years ago that we read lamentations about the decrease of swifts, which, as it seemed, had come no farther northward in their spring migration than Italy. A failure of their food supply as they travelled northward was suggested and commonly accepted as the most probable cause of this arrest of their pilgrimage.

The instinct to seek their familiar nesting-places seems to be strong enough with most of our summer visitors to overrule all other motives; but the swift appears singular in this respect, and prefers to look for a new site rather than risk a scarcity of its food supply. The story of the house-martin seems to be a continuously mournful one of decreasing numbers, in some degree due, no doubt, to their eviction from their first nests by the house-sparrows.

So far as the season has gone, the fortunes of the angler with the dry-fly have been singularly disappointing. It is true that, on the streams which have the advantage of the grannom fly, the hot April days brought the fish well on the feed. But chalk streams on which the grannom is numerous enough to entice the fish to the surface are few, and some have lost this fly, which was invaluable in the first weeks of the fishing. The angler on most streams is now living in hope of what the May fly may do for him, for the last days of April and much of early May have been so boisterous that there was no spent fly on the water, there was no rise of duns until late in the day, and the high wind made the accurate casting of the artificial fly a feat only possible of frequent achievement by the past masters. And no matter how accurate the casting, the line, with its attachment, seldom comes down the water on these blustery days at the same pace as the natural. All conditions have been adverse. But these are only the first weeks of the season, and there is ample time for fortune to make honourable amend to the angler, even on rivers where he does not expect the May fly.

TO THE SAND DUNES OF THE SAHARA.

THE readers of COUNTRY LIFE will remember a pleasant article at the end of May, 1913, in which Miss Isabel Clarke writes of the Charm of Biskra. I had already made some notes of a journey from Biskra to Tunis, taken the previous Christmas through the big sand dunes, and if, as regards the immediate neighbourhood of Biskra, I add some comments prompted by Miss Clarke's article, I hope they may not be considered as indicative of anything but content that Biskra has found another

warm admirer, even though it may not be quite accurate to describe it as the heart of the desert, which is in reality a hundred miles distant. Miss Clarke speaks of a five days' journey from England to Biskra, and her own route was through Philippeville. If one makes Algiers the port of arrival instead of Philippeville, the journey can be done in less than three and a half days, with four hours to stretch one's legs at Marseilles and an afternoon in Algiers itself. One can leave Victoria at 11 a.m. on a Monday and reach Biskra



THE PORT IN SIGHT.

just after midday on the Thursday. The advantages of this route are several; the two largest and most comfortable and rapid steamers of the Compagnie Transatlantique ply from Marseilles to Algiers and not to Philippeville, namely, the *Timgad* and the *Charles Roux*, and not much can be said in praise of the other steamers of that company or of the *Navigation Mixte*. A waggon-lit car is attached to the evening train from Algiers to Biskra; or, if one cares to take a longer time over the journey, one can leave Algiers in the morning, and thus see the magnificent gorges and scenery in the heart of the Atlas range, through which the line passes. The train reaches Constantine the same night.

Of those of your readers who, in their search for a place in the sun, go further afield than the Riviera during our English winter months, a great number, on reaching Algiers, would be content to stop there. Algiers itself, the tennis and dances of the hotels *Saint Georges* and *Splendide* would suffice, and if the weather is not constantly at its best in February, well—it is inconstant elsewhere in Algeria during that month. But some there are who go south to Biskra, either because it is but a by-excursion in their motor on their way to Constantine and Tunis, or because they have a genuine desire to leave the recognised tourist routes and see something of the great Sahara Desert and, it may be, satisfy a craving, unrecognised even by themselves, to be in one of the waste places of the earth. I do not propose to write about Biskra itself, except to say that a large new hotel is to be commenced by the management of the Hotel *Saint Georges*, Algiers. The site selected is quite close to the garden of Count Landon, and it will, no doubt, be greatly appreciated by tourists. Many of the regular *hiverneurs* of Biskra would perhaps confess that Hitchens' book, "*The Garden of Allah*," while undoubtedly bringing more visitors to the place, has not helped the picturesque and native aspects. One may agree with Miss Clarke that the everlasting hills, the sunsets and the starlight cannot lose their marvellous beauty, but the increasing number of loafing "guides" is due to the increase of tourists, and this fact, when joined with the tendency of the natives to construct French-looking buildings in the market-place and elsewhere (which is their idea of progress and luxury), cannot be considered a change for the better. I prefer to write for those who have gone, or would go, to Biskra for the sake of

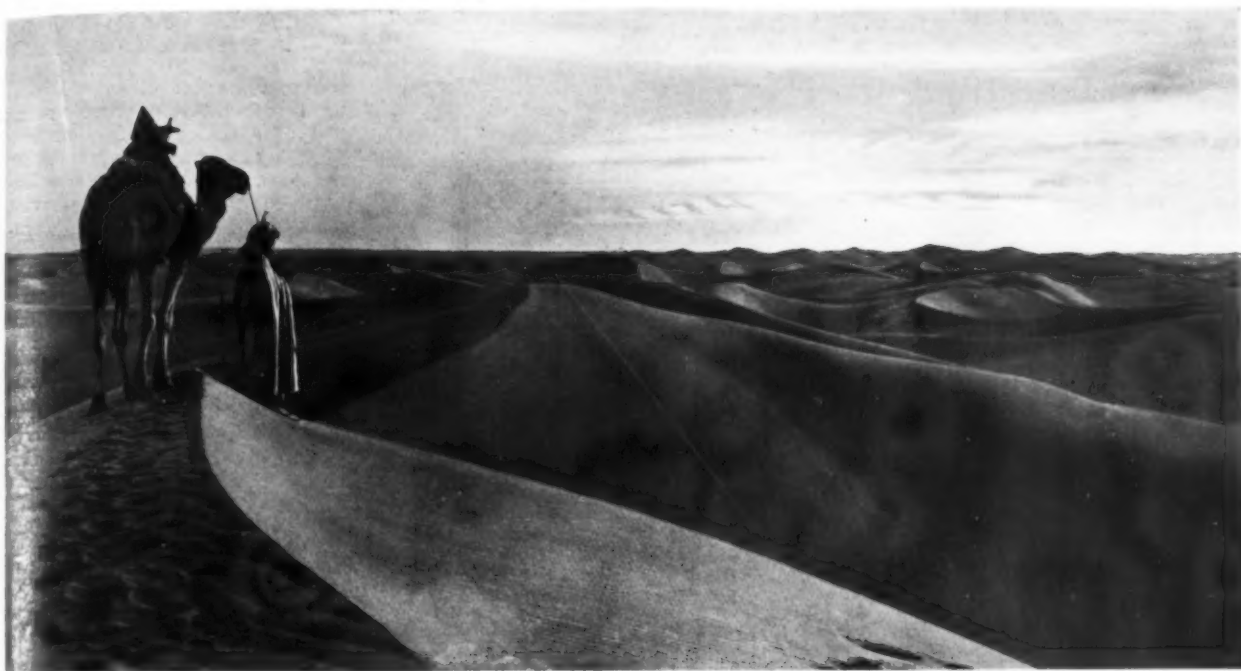
the desert, which they believe surrounds the village. Hitherto they must have been disappointed. It is, indeed, possible, in a day's excursion from Biskra, to get away from mud houses and palms, and even to see a few casual mounds of sand. The whole of the country south is flat, but studded with a small bush that appears to resemble the saltbush of the Utah Desert, and forms a pasturage for camels, goats and even sheep. One has the wide horizon, which, seen from the top of, for example, the tower of the Royal Hotel, makes one echo the cry of the Greeks of old, "*Thalassa*," "*Thalassa*," so marvellously does it resemble an ocean stretching out to the limit of eyesight. One may also see caravans of nomads, moving camp and drifting ghost-like across one's own line of march; but one has not the absolute silence nor the golden colouring which are the striking features of the great dunes, where one does not even hear the pad of one's own camel.

These great sand dunes, in so far as they have hitherto been accessible to the tourist, have had to be reached from Biskra by way of Touggourt, a large date palm centre and a French military post, about one hundred and twenty-five miles south from Biskra. To reach Touggourt there were in the past but two methods: either the public diligences must have been taken, a sufficiently tiring affair, starting at 3 a.m. on each of two consecutive days and finishing at 4 p.m. or 5 p.m., according to the state of the weather and the track—this meant a journey which left one but little inclined for the mule expedition of the following days to the dunes, and there was always the thought of the return journey hanging over one's head—or else a caravan of mules and camels, respectively for one's self and baggage, would have had to be arranged at Biskra itself. To reach Touggourt in this fashion takes five or six days through country of an unvaryingly flat character. At the end of the second day it has become monotonous; at the end of the third wearisome; and there is always the daily expense of the caravan running on, with little or nothing to show for it. The result has, therefore, hitherto been that only the energetic have made the expedition; the others have left Biskra, disappointed at not having seen anything to correspond with their preconceived idea of the desert.

Now, however, there has come a change. During the last two years the French have been constructing a railway



MEHARISTS AND THEIR CAMELS: THE MIDDAY HALT.



PRAYER AT DAWN IN THE DESERT.

from Biskra to Touggourt, the chief difficulty of which has been the bridging of several watercourses, or "oueds," by which, though ordinarily dry, the river can come down a "banker," after rain on the hills north of Biskra. The whole of the line is now finished (April, 1914). The visitor to Biskra can now arrange his caravan at Biskra—tents, trustworthy Arabs, mules and camels. He can send on his caravan two days ahead from Biskra to Chegga or Stil or M'Raiet, to await him there. On the morning of the third day he can train from Biskra to the selected station, a matter of three or four hours; he will arrive in time to do a good half-day's journey to the south-east—no longer, that is to say, due south to Touggourt, but towards El Oued Souff. The following day he will be among the sand dunes, and carry them more or less to El Oued, a three-days' journey from M'Raiet. A comfortable little hotel there, very welcome after the fatigue of the saddle, will supply all his needs and some luxuries; and a day's rest will enable him to see the quaint town, with all its buildings cupola-shaped to prevent the sand accumulating, wind driven, on the roofs and breaking them down; and the following day the caravan will start again, this time westwards for Touggourt, three days' journey across some of the biggest dunes, such as may be seen in the accompanying photographs. At El Oued one can buy leathern saddlebags, minutely painted goatskins, gourds made from the breast skin of the female camel, and other curiosities from the country of the Touaregs, and at a price about one-third of that demanded at Biskra. Mine host, too, of the hotel has a most interesting collection of arrow-heads, flint tools and other relics of the Flint Age, showing that primitive man of the interior of Africa used the same implements as his fellow of Northern lands.

On arrival at Touggourt the traveller can pay off his caravan through an agent of the person from whom he has hired it. His own time from Biskra to Touggourt will thus be only seven days, or, in other words, not too fatiguing, and there will be a reduced amount payable for the expenses of the caravan for the days it preceded him from Biskra. There is much to be seen at Touggourt, including an interesting excursion to Temacin, about fifteen kilometres distant, the abode of a well known Marabout, whose influence extends far and wide, and who lays a very considerable tract of country under financial levy by virtue of his sanctity. At Touggourt there is now an annexe to the hotel, better situated and more comfortable than the present building, and in all probability there will soon be further accommodation for tourists there. The train leaves Touggourt in the morning, and in the afternoon of the same day our traveller will be back at Biskra, having had at least a glimpse of the Great Sahara. The above expedition can, of course, be made the reverse way. M. A'Bougault, whose artistic photographs are so well known, and who is the Director of the "Office du Tourisme," has his headquarters at

Biskra, and agencies at Touggourt and Nefta, and, with his comfortable outfit of tents, some of which are of Anglo-Indian pattern, is well able and qualified to arrange a departure from either Biskra or Touggourt. As a result of his own experience, he is "au fait" with every detail likely to add to the comfort of the traveller. As regards the expense of the caravans, if the visitor falls into the wrong hands, he may be asked to pay a hundred francs a day for his outfit, and there are some visitors who do so. But, as a matter of fact, equally good arrangements can be made for a price nearer fifty francs a day each person, with a slight reduction for three or more. This price should be absolutely inclusive—tents (separate if desired), camels, mules and attendants, food, and accommodation at hotels where a stoppage is made for a day at a time, and, what is most advantageous, a complete freedom from responsibility for the animals of the caravan. Should any of your readers care to have further information, I think I could put them in the way of acquiring it.

I have described above what I think will become a favourite excursion from Biskra, passing by El Oued to Touggourt, not a very long one, it is true, but not a whit the worse for that, seeing that it is not everyone that has the time for a longer excursion. It would be quite possible, however, to turn east from El Oued and, instead of visiting Touggourt, to go by Nefta and Tozeur into the South of Tunisia. At Nefta, about four days from El Oued, there is a comfortable hotel kept by M. Grech, where one can be sure of being well treated. At Tozeur, only a short day's march from Nefta, the railway is again available, and the southern towns of Tunisia can be visited: Sfax, El Djem, for the sake of its amphitheatre which rivals the Coliseum of Rome, Sousse, Kairouan, etc.; or from Sfax one can reach Gabes, and from there make a somewhat arduous excursion to Matmata, the country of the troglodyte Arabs. But the traveller is now in direct communication with Tunis.

Nefta is most picturesquely situated on the edge of a gleaming "chotte." A "chotte," which may be described as a salt lake, is very often quite dry, and in that condition will bear the weight of mules and camels. It is believed to be fed from distant sources by subterranean channels, as it fills up a day or two after rain has fallen, not necessarily locally, but perhaps a hundred miles or so away. Some care must, therefore, be used when one's course lies across a "chotte." Even when it is quite dry there remains on the surface a thick deposit of salt, which gives it, whether near or distant, the exact semblance of a glistening lake; and Nefta, with its green palm groves stretching down to this misty sheet of seeming water, presents to the approaching traveller almost the appearance of a mirage. There are other excursions *en caravane* to be made from Biskra, especially among the mountains to the north, but I think I have already reached the limits of a short article.

WILFRED H. EDGAR.

THE GUN AT HOME AND ABROAD.

VOLUME I. of *The Gun at Home and Abroad* (London and Counties Press Association) was confined to feathered game and wildfowl. Now we have British deer and ground game, dogs, guns and rifles. "The chapters dealing with the different species of animals mentioned," embody an account of their status in the British Islands, their geographical distribution, natural history, haunts, habits, breeding, care of young, and natural enemies; followed by descriptions from personal experience of the various ways in which they afford sport with gun or rifle." The most important animals dealt with are the deer—red, fallow and roe. More than half the book is concerned with them, and no better writer than Mr. J. G. Millais could have been chosen to fulfil the task. We know that the experienced stalker will read his pages with the appreciative attention they deserve, while the novice will find no more pleasant instructor than the author of "British Deer and their Horns." The red deer is divided into several headings,

The Romans hunted little for sport, nor did the Danes, Saxons, nor Celts. Not until the advent of the Normans was the new era inaugurated and the chase looked on as a means of enjoyment, and not solely as a method for procuring food. Special laws were enacted, and parks, halls and saltatoria constructed by privileged persons. Great drives, called in Scotland "Tanichel," were indulged in to comparatively recent times, but the usual Norman mode of hunting the deer was on horseback. During the great Civil War many parks were destroyed, and most of the large ones existing to-day were created at the time of the Restoration. Mr. Millais traces the history of the wild deer of England, and shows how they have been gradually forced back into the fells of Westmorland and the woods and moors of Devon and Somerset. The Exmoor deer, it may be added, can claim purer descent than any herd, for these animals have never been crossed with foreign blood. The modern form of deerstalking is quite a recent innovation. It is fully dealt



After the painting by

A WET DAY ON THE TOPS.

Archibald Thorburn.

while a clear index at the end of the volume facilitates reference.

"Distribution and Early Hunting" deals with a most fascinating subject. Though extinct in parts where it was at one time common, the red deer is still widely distributed throughout Europe. From the early age represented by the Red Crag at Newbourne, through the late Pliocene and Pleistocene epochs until historic times, we have a continuous chain of evidence of the abundance of these noble animals in our islands. As the reindeer retreated, the red deer rapidly increased; for the very causes which were inimical to the former provided all necessary requisites favourable for the spread of the latter. The first hunters must have had glorious sport, though they looked on it in rather a different light to that of their present-day descendants and cared nothing for the horns of their quarry. Essentially meat-eaters, they trapped large numbers of deer by means of stone walls and pits, the remains of which may still be found in Sutherlandshire.

with in a subsequent chapter. The "Habits of Deer" are described at length; "Weights and Antlers" follow. The weights of stags in the North-West of Scotland, Harris and the Lewis are given as varying between nine and thirteen stone. To be exact, Harris stags may be divided into two separate classes. South Harris stags usually weigh heavier than those from the North Island, the stock consisting largely of deer imported by the late Lord Dunmore. North Harris stags (without heart and liver, which may be taken approximately at one stone) run up to fourteen and fifteen stone.

We are glad to notice that Mr. Millais draws attention in no measured terms to a practice which is becoming all too frequent. We refer to the so-called breaking of records. It is an odious and unworthy idea which should never be entertained in true sport. Concerning Mr. Z. (and his tribe), we read such notices in the Press as the following:—"The famous shot, stalking on the D. beat of Glen Strathfarrer, killed eight fine stags at a single stalk. Such a feat



After the painting by

OUTSIDE COVERT.

Maud Earl.

Mr. B. J. Warwick's retriever and springers.

constitutes a record"—which ought to be censured instead of lauded. In the above instance, as a matter of fact, seven of the "fine stags" were three year old beasts and knobbers. Another villainous type of "record breaker" is the so-called sportsman who is advertised as killing animals at 400yds., 500yds. and 600yds. The beasts which get away wounded, to die in agony days, or perhaps weeks, later are never mentioned. "Scottish Deerstalking" and "The Big Stag" we all hear of, but all too seldom meet, provide Mr. Millais with material for some delightfully humorous and vivid accounts of days and incidents on "the hill." Good stalking yarns are scattered plentifully throughout the book. "Hints on Stalking" should be read by all young stalkers. A list of deer forests and some notes on their management are given, while tables of heads, dentition of deer, etc., complete a singularly comprehensive account of the finest mammal we possess in the British Isles.

The natural history and shooting of the fallow deer and roe necessarily occupy less space. The author again emphasises the excellent sport which the stalking affords. We hope readers

will take his precepts to heart, and that the disgusting annual butchering of roe with shotguns may soon be a thing of the past. Mr. J. E. Harting, who, it may be added, has most admirably fulfilled his task in preparing the volume for the Press, contributes chapters on hares, rabbits, and a consideration of the Game Laws affecting these animals, as well as deer. This last chapter should prove of great practical utility. He adduces strong arguments in favour of retaining the Linnean name "timidus" for the brown hare, distinguishing the Scottish hare as "variabilis." There is no apparent reason why these long established names should undergo a change, alterations such as that proposed serving merely to

bewilder the unfortunate reader. Mr. Harting alludes to the doubt which existed for long as to whether the two species interbred. Such a cross is now regarded as an accepted fact, and so recently as last autumn the present writer shot a hybrid of this description in the North of Scotland.

Mr. Walter Baxendale, contributes chapters on "The Pointer," "The Setter," "Sporting



KILLED IN ABERFELDY, SEPTEMBER, 1899.
Length, 40in.; span, 40in.

Spaniels," "Curly-coated Retrievers" and "The Breaking of Gun-dogs," this last full of most excellent common-sense advice. It is hardly necessary to say that the manner in which he deals with a difficult subject could scarcely be bettered. We are glad to see that Mr. Baxendale gives at length an extract from Lee's "Modern Dogs," describing the trial at Blandford in 1882 between Romps Baby and Mr. Arkwright's Revel. It is one of the most vivid pen-pictures of a sporting event which have ever been written. He settles all disputes as to the origin of the name "Laverack," for the famous breed of setters is called after Mr. Edward Laverack, who died in 1877. Captain W. Coape Oates has written an excellent article on the flat-coated retriever, while Mr. Maurice Portal contributes a chapter on the Labrador. A better authority could not have been secured.

The Hon. T. F. Fremantle, author of "Notes on the Rifle" and "The Book of the Rifle," has written what he calls "a brief and incomplete account of one of the most fascinating chapters in the story of the evolution of human arts." No one save the author would have so designated the concise and masterly article on a subject which is of peculiar interest to sportsmen, namely, "The Evolution of Guns and Rifles." It might have been inexpressibly dreary reading; Mr. Fremantle makes dry bones live, and as he traces the development of the iron pots, the prototypes of the mortar, the matchlock, the wheel-lock, the snap haunce and flintlock, and with them the development of British gunmakers, until he brings us to the beautiful weapons of the present day, we feel something of the enthusiasm which must have animated old Joe Manton, "whose thirst for invention proved fatal to his solvency."

Such, briefly, are the contents of this extremely handsome volume, for the general make-up of which we have nothing but praise. Clearly printed on good paper with a wide margin, it is, for its size, not unduly heavy.

To turn now to the illustrations. These comprise a photogravure frontispiece of King George, four coloured plates of deer by Mr. Archibald Thorburn and six by Mr. Balfour Browne; two of hares and rabbits by that clever artist, Mr. George Lodge (who also contributes a monochrome), and two of dogs by Miss Maud Earl. These latter are by far the most satisfactory coloured reproductions in the book. In addition to a number of half-tones, a photogravure of a beautifully drawn stag's head by Mr. Millais is included, and another of "Peter of Faskally." Frankly, we think it a thousand pities that the publishers decided on coloured illustrations. Mr. Thorburn is justly recognised as our premier sporting artist, though he is more famous, perhaps, for his game birds than his deer. In any case, it would be unfair to criticise his work from the reproductions given in the present volume. Apart from the colour, in our opinion the drawings suffer considerably from the absence of any margin. Mr. Browne's work is inclined to be scratchy, and he fails to realise the grace, beauty and romance of the Scottish red deer. Some of his attitudes are excellent, and, on the whole, "Coming up the Pass" is about the best of his drawings. They would have gained in attraction if reproduced in black and white. It seems a mistake that when Mr. Millais was entrusted with the letterpress of the Cervidæ he was not at the same time given employment for his brush and pencil. No artist can render the grace and vigour of deer with such fidelity, and a series of black and white reproductions of his drawings would have been a considerable asset to the present volume. Other volumes on big-game shooting will appear in due course.

FRANK WALLACE.

THE TALE OF AN OKAPI

THERE are few animals in the African forest that are of greater interest to the big-game shot than the okapi; its extreme shyness and the denseness of the jungle it inhabits in the African forests make it almost impossible for any white man to get within shooting distance of it, or even near enough to get a glimpse of the animal. Many white men have gone in pursuit of this rare and elusive beast, but until lately none of them has had the good fortune of seeing one fall to his rifle. It is, therefore, gratifying to know that the first specimen was shot by an Englishman. That his name is omitted from this article does not alter the fact of his undoubted success, and its exclusion is quite a personal matter, wholly unconnected with sport. Extracts from letters show that after long and arduous days and many disappointments he succeeded in shooting two okapi. The big man has to go on all fours, or make a great noise pushing things out of his way, and although there is no forest which, with perseverance,

he cannot get through, there is no more exhausting occupation than crawling through thick forest quietly with a heavy rifle, at the same time straining all his senses to the uttermost to catch the slightest movement, to interpret every sound, and at all times to keep watch on his feet to avoid cracking sticks. Hard work and perseverance brought its reward at last, and the successful "shikari" writes: "The first time I actually saw an okapi I was on the point of firing at an elephant, and I had—what probably no one is ever likely to have again—a right and left at elephant and okapi. We were on tiptoes after three hours' track. The okapi had been lying down, and its attention was probably wholly taken up by our elephant. I got the elephant, but my snap shot at the okapi missed, or, at least, we never saw him again, for it came on to pour with rain, and we could not follow the tracks." The letter goes on to say: "I have succeeded in shooting one at last. I made a second camp some two days up the river and near a large camp of pygmies, whose services I, after much trouble, secured. With their help I hunted the forest day after day, frequently tracking and getting near okapi. On three occasions I saw the animal, but was unable to get a shot. It is the most difficult animal in the world to approach. Two or three times I had to sleep in the forest with no food, and everything was only a shelter of leaves to sleep in; but after three weeks I got the chance and killed a young male. I could not have gone another day, and as soon as the skin and skeleton were seen to, I was carried back to camp. It is the first time I have been knocked up, but have now revived and am going to try for another one."

We see by the next letter, written last May, that his efforts were again crowned with success, for he succeeded in shooting a full grown okapi.

In another letter the writer tells me: "I hear someone has secured a live okapi for Hagenbeck, but I have, as yet, no details." This animal was doubtless captured in the Belgian Congo. The Congo, a region with big forests, big rivers and big animals, is wonderful, and more fascinating than Uganda or East Africa; but it is the natives who make life so hard there, due, for the most part, to the class of white man they have known. The natives are in reality fine material, and under the influence of a higher stamp of European would be as useful and civil as any in Uganda. But, as things are at present, nobody wants to work, and it is the greatest difficulty to get anything done, or even to procure boys as personal servants; thus travelling is not so pleasant as in Uganda or elsewhere. Still, the charm of life in the forest is so great that discomforts are soon forgotten.

An account of a night spent with wild life in the untrodden paths of the virgin forest may be interesting to lovers of sport: "Last night, just after the moon had risen, about 10.30, I went across the river in a canoe, and scrambled up on to a platform of sticks I had had built during the day, about twenty feet from the ground, with a blanket and two rifles and a little pygmy—my most faithful attendant, who goes everywhere with me, bow and arrows and all. Towards morning I was looking down on to eighteen or twenty elephants playing in the mudholes beneath me, a weird and impressive sight in the bright moonlight—a sight which always fascinates me extremely—but all were small elephants, young and females. I did not fire a shot. After they left, gliding away with gurgling, grunting, and with squelching of feet in the mud, came a family of pigs, and they wallowed in the same mud-hole till it began to get light. I have seen thousands of tracks and scores upon scores of elephants by night and by day, but not one big elephant worth shooting for his ivory, and no sign of the much-talked-of pygmy elephant. Elephants are still to be found everywhere in thousands, but big ivory—no. Most of the old beasts are killed, I fear, and I begin to realise why it is that big ivory is now only to be found to the eastward, near the Uganda border, where the native, as well as the white man, has to take out a licence to kill." When the great forest has been left far behind, and after a weary tramp, carrying trophies over tracks and rivers and streams, the town of Irumu is reached, if we may call it so—a collection of about a dozen grass houses and quarters for some three hundred soldiers. This country is very different in all its aspects from the forest. All round is a sea of grass as far as the eye can reach, and mountains in the distance. The cool wind over the high, waving grass is refreshing; but the keen hunter would rather be back in the gloom of the forest, back to wild Nature, listening to the chatter of the monkeys or the call of the deer or the cracking of sticks in the jungle, as some mighty beast breaks forth from its lair.

E. R. G.

TWO IDLERS ON EILEAN MOR.

TO the south of Harris, but north of Benbecula Ford, is the island of Eilean Mor, torn as it were by the Atlantic storms from the ribs of the Outer Hebrides. In winter it lies open to every gale that sweeps down from Iceland, but on a summer day it is a good place to visit if you are in the humour to enjoy the joy of life of the many birds who walk and run and fly along its hospitable dunes and beaches. Eilean Mor is a treeless sandbank, perhaps two miles long by half a mile wide. We, being travellers, forgot to notice topographical details, but I remember that we explored it all between breakfast-time and noon; and I also remember that in few spots of equal size in the British Islands can so many birds be seen. The distant babel of their voices came to us across the water, and before we set foot upon the place the lapwings had wind of our coming, and swooped and sorrowed over the foreshore. Half a score of oyster-catchers rose from a sandy spit in front of us and whirled away down the estuary with a flicker of pied wings; a party of whimbrel, vociferating jubilantly, flew past the boat; and to seaward, a trio of eider drakes displayed their jade green necks emulously. But all these were bachelor birds, and had no place upon the island, which, in June, is one great nursery. The beaches lay under a sheet of pink sea-thrift where the ringed plovers ran before us, playing on their sorrowful little pipes and malingering clumsily, while the air overhead hummed with lapwings, who raved and wailed at our presence. Larks rose, carolling rapturously; gulls sailed along the dunes, rising and falling, in leisurely pursuit of their own purple shadows; and from somewhere close at hand a corncrake rasped trenchantly to his love.

The middle of the island was a grassy swamp, drained by little dykes after the manner of a Dutch polder. Here a



Miss M. Best.

ARCTIC TERN.

Copyright.

hundred shaggy Highland cattle heaved themselves up as we passed, and the whole pasture was full of dunlins, toddling sedately, each with the mate of his choice, among the tallest, brightest dandelions that we had ever seen. In the courting season the dunlin lays aside all his winter's wildness, and becomes a silly, lovesick wight with no other thought than how best to display his summer suit of soot and silver. Every now and then, however, a bird would take wing and whirl away like a wind-driven leaf, meanwhile uttering his shrill musical rattle, and alight, with his long grey wings held quivering aloft for a moment, less like a bird than like an angel out of one of Gustave Doré's pictures. This spring flight of the dunlin is very beautiful to watch. It seems as if the bird is so in love with life and with the day that a sudden rapture lifts him above the common earth and impels him to take wing.

To us, newly arrived from the moors and peat hags of the mainland, where one might wander for half a day and see no more bird-life than a few gulls and a meadow-pipit or two, the clamour and bustle of Eilean Mor were quite bewildering. There were a dozen places along the coast which, to the mere human idler, seemed equally desirable, and yet nowhere else did we find such a crowd of birds. There seemed to be some spell upon the island. There were birds everywhere—feeding, fighting, singing, courting, brooding—with but one object among them all, to bring up their young as quickly as possible while the good summer weather should last. To us came a pair of twites, as gay and irresponsible as the sea wind that tossed them hither and thither like shuttlecocks. Their nest was built on the open dunes, with nothing between the sky and the four speckled eggs. The latter were new laid, and the hen bird was still in love with their novelty. She hustled them under her breast, and brooded over them lovingly. Meanwhile, however, her



Miss M. Best.

COMMON GULL ALIGHTING.

Copyright.

mate grew impatient, and fidgeted round her, calling peevishly, until, out of deference to him, she rose and went sweethearting with him over the sandhills. But she could not be content for long away from those eggs, and presently, twittering a pretty apology, she was back at the nest again to admire their vinous spots and symmetry.

Leaving the twites behind us, we crossed the pasture land and came to the low dunes which lie to the west of the island. Here we found a colony of common gulls, who must also have felt the spell of Eilean Mor, for, instead of nesting on the rocky reaches of the coast to the north, here they were breeding in most unorthodox fashion among the marram grass.

Further on, the wind and rain had carved the dunes into all sorts of bluff and grotesque shapes, and from the brow of the broken hillocks the marram grass waved sadly like sparse hair. The Arctic terns were nesting there. They hung above our heads and screamed shrill imprecations in their uncanny tongue. I hate terns. It is difficult to believe that



Miss M. D. Haviland.

TWITE ON ITS NEST.

Copyright.

some storm-tossed ship, for the delight of harrying the poor lorn thing. This way and that darted the bewildered pipit, and as she doubled, each tern stabbed at her and then swooped up to make way for the rest to join in the sport. If they could have beaten their victim to the ground she would have paid heavily for her unwitting trespass; as



Miss M. D. Haviland.

DUNLIN SITTING.

Copyright.

birds of such pure and delicate presence should be so blood-thirsty and cruel when angered, and yet of all social birds they are the most savage, even as they are the most beautiful. A luckless meadow pipit, who had lost her way, flew over the dunes and instantly the whole tern colony flew together to buffet her, screaming, as a troop of nixies scream round

was, she escaped with battered wings, and the terns flew back from the chase screaming resentfully. We passed on to the top of the dunes where the tremendous arc of the Atlantic sky-line lay before us. To the westward, dim as O'Brazil, lay the dunes and lighthouse of the Monach Islands; and to the north the great crags of Haskeir were

thrust out of the sea like five wicked fingers. Otherwise this is the loneliest of seas with seldom, if ever, a sail to be seen, and rarely a living thing moving along the broad dun sands, unless it be some sea-fowl. To-day, looking idly across the tormented shoals we saw a great northern diver fishing in the calmer water of the estuary, and in our mood it seemed fitting that he among all birds should appear on this lonely coast—a being whose life is passed among winds and waves in desolate and solitary places. But the divers have a sixth sense, or else, perhaps, a special guardian angel. He saw us as quickly as we saw him, and taking the alarm, paddled



Miss M. Best.

DUNLIN: THE COCK BIRD.

Copyright.

straight out into the racing seas at the bar. As the combers came towering in he rode up their steep flanks, and then, when one curled over, threatening to overwhelm him, he dived safely through the crest of it into the trough of the next wave. We watched him for a long time, sometimes over and sometimes through the seas, until he had passed the surf and rested where he knew no man could reach him—out on the broad heaving breast of the Atlantic.

A mist blew over the sky, and through it the sun shone pallidly like a pewter plate. The wind whistled through the marram grass and the voices of the terns in the distance sounded thin and cruel above the thunder of the white hungry waves on the bar. It seemed as though grim and unknown entelechies struggled together, not only along the stormy beaches, but along the sky-line to which distance lent a deceptive calm. We understood then a little of the spell that binds so many creatures to Eilean Mor—the spell of the Atlantic that encircles it.

We sat there for a long time until it was late and time to go back to the meadows. Eilean Mor belongs to one, James McCouch by name, a dairy farmer. He and his family live in a sturdy, sad-coloured cottage, whose thatched roof is weighted down by stones, as a reminder of the strength of the winter's gales; but there is no wall round it, and, as if aggrieved that even a bare acre of their domain should have been captured by man, the plover fly backwards and forwards over the roof, and you can hear them wailing there all night long. We did not know that Eilean Mor was a sad place until we saw that little house. There was such stir and jubilee on the dunes, of sea and wind and birds, that the human dwelling seemed the more still and desolate by contrast; and, besides, there was a furtive child who ran and hid at our approach. She had oblique light eyes like those of a goat; they haunted one. Mrs. McCouch made the lightest griddle cakes in the Hebrides (in proof whereof we ate ten between us for supper, and did not even dream); but she was the saddest thing on the island—sadder even than the house. She had been born out on the Monach Islands, and had scarcely left it until she married "himself" and came to live on Eilean Mor. It was a fine place—out on the Monachs—and not lonely at all, for the lighthouse boat used sometimes to call in. Sometimes himself would be away over on the mainland for two or three days, and then she would be alone in the house with no one but little Effie. She was always terrible glad when himself came home again; but, of course, he would not understand such foolishness in her; and as she spoke, "himself" came into the kitchen—a big, hot-coloured man with slow, bovine eyes. He talked of the new minister over at Clachan, and of feeding stuffs; of how the wild geese damaged the crops at harvest time. His voice, deep and contented as the lowing of his own cattle, filled the room, and we understood why, on rough winter nights, the woman longed for his return. In his presence it would have been impossible to fear any danger less concrete and tangible than an avalanche or an earthquake. No other fear could have existed for a moment in an aura so practical and so exact as his. But between the slow periods of his discourse of kirk and kine, the sea wind whistled little evil songs in the chimney.

M. D. HAVILAND.

THE GREENSHANK AND ITS NESTING.

IT is only in a few of the wildest and least accessible glens of the Highlands that the greenshank is found at the present day, and my first meeting with the bird and her young was a few years ago while descending a steep hill-face in a rocky corrie with a deep hill loch lying beneath. While still some distance from the low ground I gradually became aware of the alarm note of what I took to be a peregrine proceeding from the rocks on the far side of the loch. Time after time the cry was repeated, and through the glass I even imagined I could



Miss M. D. Haviland.

PEEWIT APPROACHING ITS NEST.

Copyright.

make out the peregrine standing at the edge of the eyrie. I determined to attempt to reach the spot, although the climb would have been a hazardous one, but I soon realised that the sounds were proceeding from a stretch of boggy ground near the loch-side. As I approached the calling became more excited, until a greenshank rose from near me and commenced to fly backwards and forwards in a restless manner, uttering a sharp



Miss M. D. Haviland.

A RINGED PLOVER BROODING.

Copyright.

whistling note which, at close quarters, sounds not unlike that of its near relative, the redshank, and yet has a distinctive quality which at once marks it as a separate species. Realising that the bird had young, I sat down and watched through the glass the spot near where it had risen, and soon was delighted to see a young greenshank appear from its place of concealment and stand bobbing up and down in characteristic fashion. But as I proceeded to stalk the youngster with the idea of obtaining some photographs of it, much to my surprise, it took wing with ease and, flying strongly, was soon joined by the parent bird, when they crossed the glen together, the mother still uttering her alarm call during the flight.

SETON GORDON.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE BEST HARDY BROOMS.

DURING the month of May, when most spring flowers are at their best, it is difficult to imagine a more beautiful sight than a deep railway cutting, the banks of which are clothed with the semi-pendulous, golden-wreathed shoots of the common Broom, *Cytisus scoparius*. On waste land, wherever the soil is poor, this beautiful wild shrub will be found, usually in clusters of varying size, sometimes scarcely exceeding a yard in diameter and at others extending for many times that distance. It is from this grouping of Nature that we should take a lesson when attempting to cultivate shrubs of this kind; isolated bushes, beautiful as they are, do not give us the same bold effects as colonies of three or more, according to the size of the garden and the space to be filled. Although the wild Broom is a very beautiful plant, there are a number of others, some varieties, some species, and others hybrids, that are perfectly hardy in our gardens. These vary in dimensions from almost prostrate-growing kinds, suitable for the rock garden, to others that form small trees; hence their value for different positions in the garden can scarcely be over-estimated.

Soil and Cultivation.—To those whose gardens are composed mainly of sand or very poor soil, these hardy Brooms are of the greatest value. The more starved they are, the better they seem to flower, although growth is not, perhaps, quite so rapid as where the diet is rather more generous. For the wild garden, where there are rugged banks to clothe, or large, irregular shaped beds to fill, no better plants can be found. It is, however, always advisable to keep them clear of weeds until they have attained goodly dimensions, so that they are able to fight for themselves in the great battle of the survival of the fittest. Young plants in pots should be purchased, as Brooms resent serious disturbance of their roots. Most of the species can be raised from seeds sown in pots or boxes of sandy soil in autumn or spring, but the varieties and hybrids are usually propagated by means of cuttings. This, however, is work for the nurseryman to undertake.

Pruning.—Young plants should be cut back rather severely for the first year or two after planting, so as to induce them to form a bushy habit; but once the foundation is laid for this, little use need be made of the knife. The purple-flowered Broom, *Cytisus purpureus*, however, differs from others in this respect, as it benefits considerably by being cut back nearly to the ground level each year after flowering, young shoots springing from the base to take the place of those removed. As already stated, there are many kinds of Brooms that are suitable for our gardens; the best are included in the following list:

Cytisus atnensis is the Mount Etna Broom and one of the latest to flower, being at its best usually in August. It eventually makes a small tree with pendulous, rush-like shoots, whence its golden flowers are produced in abundance.

***C. albus*.**—This is the white Spanish Broom. It forms a semi-pendulous bush from 4ft. to 8ft. in height, and flowers freely in May.

***C. Ardoinii*.**—A dwarf species from the Maritime Alps. It rarely exceeds 1ft. in height, and is therefore a good shrub for the rock garden. It produces small yellow flowers in May.

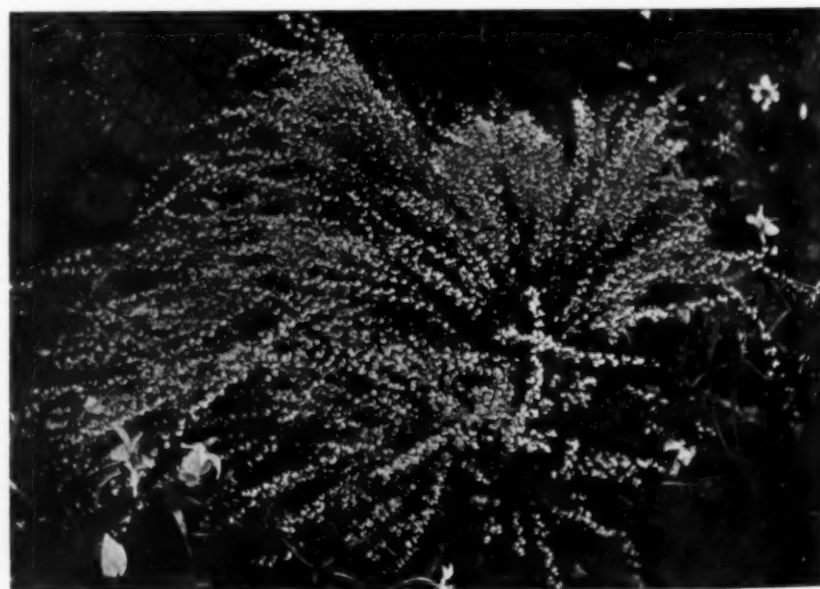
***C. Bearii*.**—A dwarf hybrid raised at Kew and named after the Assistant-Curator, Mr. W. J. Bean. It is a gem of the rock garden, its golden yellow flowers being produced freely in May.



THE WHITE SPANISH BROOM, *CYTISUS ALBUS*.



CYTISUS KEWENSIS, A DWARF HYBRID FOR THE ROCK GARDEN.



AN EARLY-FLOWERING BROOM, *CYTISUS PRÆCOX*.

C. biflorus.

—This makes a neat shrub almost 5ft. high, and is one of the earliest to flower, its small yellow blossoms being produced in pairs in April.

C. Dallimorei

is another hybrid raised at Kew by Mr. W. Dallimore, after whom it is named. Its parents are *C. alba* and *C. scoparius andreanus*, and it is intermediate between the two. It forms an erect bush several feet in height, and produces its curious purplish-coloured flowers freely in May.

C. decumbens

is a native of Europe, and like *Arduinii* is best suited for the rock garden. It rarely exceeds 6in. in height, and has yellow flowers which open in May.

C. kewensis.—This is a beautiful little hybrid that was raised at Kew some years ago. Owing to its prostrate habit it is well adapted for the rock garden. At Friar Park, Sir Frank Crisp has it planted in colonies at the summit of large boulders, so that its shoots hang partially suspended over miniature precipices. When clothed with their pale cream-coloured flowers in May the plants give one the impression of a cascade of flowers.

C. nigricans.—This is a late-flowering European species, its deep yellow blossoms opening in July. It makes shoots 4ft. or rather more in height, and flowers on the current year's wood; hence as much old growth as possible needs to be pruned away in winter or early spring.

C. præcox.—One of the prettiest of the early flowering Brooms. It grows from 6ft. to 8ft. in height, and flowers when quite young. Its blossoms are creamy white, and usually open during the last week in April.

C. purpureus.—This is a dwarf-growing species when pruned annually as already advised. It produces its purple flowers in May.

C. scoparius is our wild Broom and is well known to every lover of the country. There are several beautiful varieties of it, the one named *andreanus* being most frequently met with. It has the same habit and freedom of flowering as the type, but each of the wing petals is heavily blotched with warm, brownish crimson. The Moonlight Broom, *C. scoparius sulphureus*, is another beautiful variation of the wild Broom. It has pale sulphur-coloured flowers, which are produced in great profusion in May. It has a rather more prostrate habit than the type.

The Yellow Spanish Broom.

This belongs to another family, its botanical name being *Spartium junceum*. It thrives under similar conditions to those advised for the Brooms proper, and produces seed freely, from which young plants are easily raised if the seeds are sown in pots in a cold frame. It makes a bush 8ft. or more in height, and flowers for a long time during July and August. F. W. H.

NOTES ON VIBURNUMS.

THE Wayfaring-tree is now in full bloom, and its umbel-like clusters of white flowers may be seen from afar. It is one of the most beautiful of our native shrubs, and grows freely in almost any soil, but especially on the hillsides overlying chalk. Not that it occurs in large stretches, for it is usual to see it scattered here and there on the outskirts of the woodland or as a roadside shrub, for it is common in our hedgerows. To the botanist it is known as *Viburnum lantana*, but to country folk it will always be known as the



THE MOONLIGHT BROOM, CYTISUS SCOPARIUS SULPHUREUS.

Viburnum Opulus. The fruits are red and globose, also familiar objects of our countryside. In the garden Guelder Rose (*V. Opulus sterilis*) nearly the whole head of bloom consists of sterile flowers. It is a very handsome shrub with perfect balls of snow-white flowers.

The Japanese Snowball Tree (*V. plicatum*) has clusters of white flowers resembling those of the Guelder Rose. May is its month for flowering, and there are many gardens now all the more beautiful owing to its presence. It is easily one of the six most beautiful shrubs for English gardens.

Notes on *Viburnums* would be incomplete without some reference to *Laurustinus* (*V. Tinus*), the fragrant evergreen which flowers from December onwards and may be seen in almost every garden in the country. All of the *Viburnums* referred to are quite hardy and of the easiest culture. They may be increased by layering the basal shoots, preferably in autumn and from summer cuttings; while they thrive in almost any soil. C. Q.

PRETTY EFFECTS IN THE GARDEN.

With a view to making the garden pages of COUNTRY LIFE as interesting, useful and instructive as possible, we invite readers to send us short notes of any particularly good floral combinations that they may find. In her book,

"Colour Schemes for the Flower Garden," Miss Jekyll, of course, deals fully with this subject; but new effects, many of them rendered all the more charming because of their simplicity, are always being created. For instance, one of the simplest and most pleasing that we have seen for some years was the result of an accident. Some lavender-mauve May-flowering Tulips were planted close to a colony of blue German Irises, and when the two flowered the effect was delightful. Pink Mallows sown between white Japanese Anemones form a combination that must be seen to be realised, yet it is quite simple and inexpensive to obtain where the Anemones are already *in situ*, the sowing of the Mallows seed thinly early in spring being all that is necessary. Pink China Roses and Sweet Lavender, and pink Shirley Poppies in large drifts, with smaller colonies of pink Virginian Stock between, but sown about a month later, are other simple and effective floral combinations that we have in mind. At the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Wisley a few days ago we noticed a drift of Polyanthus nestling under the branches of some rather rough bushes of rugosa Roses, the green foliage of the latter making a delightful foil for the rich hues of the Polyanthus. We hope, therefore, that readers who may come across these pleasing combinations will, for the benefit of others, send them to us for publication. H.



THE JAPANESE SNOWBALL TREE.

Wayfaring-tree. Later on the flowers are followed by black flattened fruits less than half an inch in length and familiar objects of our hedgerows.

The Guelder Rose is companion to the Wayfaring tree, but it is a few weeks later in coming into bloom. The white flowers are borne in globose heads, and for this reason it is often aptly called the Snowball Tree. But it has many other names, such as Dog Rowan Tree, Dog Elder, Marsh or Water Elder, and Cranberry Tree; while to the botanist it is

KENNEL NOTES.

PARASITIC LIFE.

A REASONABLE amount o' fleas is good for a dog—keeps him from broodin' over bein' a dog," was the opinion of David Harum; but with all respect to this gentleman, most of us prefer giving our friend some other form of occupation to prevent him thinking too profoundly and incessantly about his ego. We would rather agree with Mrs. Poyser, that "it's ill livin' in a hen-roost for them as doesn't like fleas." These pernicious little insects, being no respecters of persons, do not always confine themselves to the canine host, who, in addition to harbouring *Pulex canis*, sometimes finds a corner also for *Pulex irritans*, the rapacious beast that preys upon human beings. "That's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion," said Shakespeare. Not a bit of it. Where no fear is known we need not give credit for valour.



LEDBURN BARRISTER.

we cannot ignore it. As a general rule, by due observations of the laws of cleanliness as applied to kennels or sleeping quarters, in conjunction with a daily brushing, we should not have much trouble in protecting ourselves from the inroads of the enemy; but in some places they manifest their presence for no reason easily explained. Then vigorous measures become obligatory. The first thing that would occur to one would be to have a look round the kennel. The bedding should be changed frequently, especially in hot weather, and the floor well swilled down with a strong disinfectant. Where toy dogs are concerned, the sleeping-box or basket must be periodically washed, and the rug or cushion should be baked in a moderately hot oven, by these means insects and eggs alike being destroyed. Before being returned to his quarters the dog must come in for treatment. One of the common insect powders usually suffices to expel the visitors, which may



CH. OLD SHIP USHER.

Altogether apart from the disagreeable feeling occasioned to sensitive minds, out of consideration for the dog himself the rule should be: "Not an insect about him." On the epidermis of the larger varieties the attention of the intruders may not have an appreciable effect, but this is not the case with toy dogs, whose more delicate skins are so irritated that incessant scratching and nibbling may produce sores which closely resemble some forms of eczema, and the continual worrying prevents natural repose. Furthermore, it is generally conceded that fleas form a connecting link in a vicious circle, by means of which the eggs of internal parasites are introduced into the canine stomach, where the gastric juices, breaking up the outer covering, liberate the embryo enclosed.

Thus, however we regard the question, and however unpleasant it may be to deal with,



ADA OF BRIGHTON.

be brushed out in a stupefied condition on to a paper or sheet. More revolting still, and more deleterious to the host, are

hematopinus piliferus, the dog-louse, and *trichodectes latus*, a similar parasite. As the former sucks the blood, a badly infested animal may soon be reduced to a pitiable condition. One cannot always tell how these wretched things appear, but we know that they have an unpleasant habit of worrying young puppies, and this is a reason for keeping the nest clean, and wiping away any greasy mess that collects about the head and ears of the whelps when they first begin feeding. Those that are weakest seem to become infested first, and, unfortunately, we cannot take as strong measures with the youngsters as in later life. Several months ago a lady applied to me in great trouble, because, do what she would, the horrible mites could not be exterminated on a toy dog, and I am referring



ULSTERMAN, BY CH. PORTHOS—URSULA.

to the subject now because she has just written me a letter of thanks for suggesting a treatment which has been a perfect success. On that account I am venturing to repeat it for the benefit of others who may be troubled in a similar manner. Make a mixture of one part of skimmed milk and two parts of petroleum by heating the milk and then adding the oil. A thorough shaking will mix the two liquids well. Apply with a small sponge or stiff brush. Ordinary benzine is another

useful thing for the same purpose, but, of course, precautions must be taken to keep the dog away from any flame. Paraffin or turpentine sprinkled occasionally on the bedding will frequently keep insects in check.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

This week's illustrations in-



BILTON GRACE.

roduce a number of animals familiar to most show-goers. Precedence to the bloodhounds as representatives of the most ancient race herein depicted. During the last few years Mr. H. Desborough Dobson of Patcham Place, Patcham, has collected a powerful team, which has made its presence felt upon the bench in no unmistakable manner. King of the kennel is Champion Old Ship Usher, bred in 1909 by Mr. Wilfrid N. Unwin. With his sire, Champion Porthos, relegated to practical retirement, he holds almost supreme sway, although one or two may press him closely. With heavy bone and great substance all through, topped by a characteristic head, he is a genuinely good hound. The photograph does not flatter him, and were we to apportion their merits as they stand in the pictures, most people would put him below the same owner's Ledburn Barrister, but that would not work out correctly in real life. For all that, Barrister is a showy and pleasing hound, so well balanced that one point does not stand out to the exclusion of others. He is one of that remarkable Champion Solly-Playful litter of which we have seen so much during the last year or two. I suppose that, due allowances made for the handicap of sex, one may fairly say the ladies are in front of the dogs at the moment, or perhaps one could more correctly express it that there are more bitches in the first flight, conspicuous among which is Mr. Desborough Dobson's Ada of Brighton. She has charming quality, with a lovely head. Probably her feet are her worst fault. Endeavour, another young bitch in the same kennels, is about on a par with her, some putting her first. Mr. Wilfrid N. Unwin's Ulsterman, also a son of old Porthos, is a fine big hound with lots of bone and a beautiful front. The least bit more quality would have made him hard to beat. He holds the Hunt Club's certificate for work in the field.

And now for the remainder. Mr. H. Lloyd's black Cocker, Radium of Ware, is a beautiful bitch who did remarkably well last year on coming out. Taunton, Weston - super - Mare and the Kennel Club all saw her first in her classes, and



RADIUM OF WARE.

at the last she was awarded the challenge certificate and the special for the most typical in the show. She is another of the goodly crowd coined in the mint over which Mr. R. deCourcy Peele presides, her sire being Galtrees Raven, and her dam, Blithe Bowdler.

Beagles are not common objects at our general shows, one of the foremost owners supporting these, as well as the exclusively sporting fixtures, being Mr. J. Tyrrel Beaumont of Bilton, near Harrogate. Bilton Grace pleased me much when I went over her carefully at the last Kennel Club Show, where she won the bitch challenge certificate. She is in the 10in. to 12in. division. A most typical little hound, with true beagle character, the worst criticism one can offer is that a trifle more bone would make her better still. One of the ladies to whom we may look for a succession of wire-haired fox-terriers of the correct stamp is Miss Lewis of Kernou, Paignton. Without neglecting other essential properties, from the beginning she has followed closely to the ideal of breeding good coats instead of making them. Wireboy of Paignton, with his second birthday several months away, has come along fast, until he takes high rank among his kind. Indeed, Mr. George Anne, who judged the variety at Cruft's, where he gave him the challenge certificate, afterwards wrote that he considered him nearly perfection, and at that I am content to leave it. What higher praise could be claimed? He is by Champion Chunky of Notts out of Vanity of Paignton. To Vanity, by the way, belongs much of the credit that attaches to these kennels, as she is the dam of no less than eleven winners at championship shows, one of them being Champion Collette of Paignton. Herself thrice the winner of the Hard and Wirehaired Association's twenty-five guinea cup for the soundest coat among five of the wire-haired varieties, she is capable of transmitting her virtues in this direction. In six months last year Wireboy earned over one hundred and fifty pounds prize-money for his mistress, as well as a dozen cups, and the Duchess of Newcastle gave him his first challenge certificate at the L.K.A., saying that she had seldom seen a dog she liked better.

In the more restricted competition among whippets, Champion Shirley Sunstar, owned by Mrs. Pacey of Harestock, has set up figures which may well cause envy, for at the twelve shows at which he has appeared he has received eight challenge

certificates, twenty-four first prizes, as well as many cups and specials. Sunstar, home-bred, qualified for his championship at his third show. Miss E. J. Curtis of Salthrop House, Wroughton, near Swindon, is among the numerous band of ladies who have succumbed to the charms of the Samoyedes, and her Salthrop Frost, though not much exhibited, generally does pretty well. He was third in the open class at the last Kennel Club Show.

A. CROXTON SMITH.



WIREBOY OF PAIGNTON.



CH. SHIRLEY SUNSTAR.



SALTHROP FROST.



CHILTON is a small Buckinghamshire village with a seventeenth century appearance lying in a gap on the ridge that parts the lowlands through which run the Thame and the Ray. From the hill above the village, a place of wide prospect, can be seen the wooded slopes of Brill Hill close by, the avenues of Wotton and the distant blue of the Chilterns. The church and the manor house which is inseparably associated with the Croke family stand on rising ground at the northern side of the village and are divided by an old brick wall. Before the advent of the Crokes, Chilton had changed hands more than once. "Ciltone" was given by the Norman Conqueror to Walter Giffard, and became part of the honour of Giffard. The family of Greinville or Grenville held lands here in the reign of Henry II.; but when Robert de Grenville forfeited his English estate, in the reign of Henry III., among other Normans having claims on both sides of the sea who were obliged to take their choice of remaining English or French landowners, Paul Peover or Paulinus Peyvre, steward of the King's household, was given a grant of his lands in 1246. From this family it passed by marriage to Sir William la Zouche of Harringworth about 1423. John Lord Zouche, his grandson,

fighting for King Richard III., was attainted in 1485, and two years later Henry VII. granted the manor of Chilton to Sir John Risley and the heirs of his body, without any service. In 1529 the manor and estate were bought, among other lands, by John Croke, of the eldest branch of the great family of Blount or Le Blond, whose origin has been traced by Sir Alexander Croke in the "Genealogical History of the Croke Family" to the Counts of Guisnes, before the Norman Conquest. In 1404 Nicholas le Blount, who had been deeply engaged in the conspiracy to restore Richard II. to his throne, fled the country, and, on his subsequent return to England, changed his name to Croke to avoid the revenge of Henry IV.

The John Croke who purchased Chilton was the first of that long "succession and set of gentlemen of good distinction, many of them (scarce more in any one family, in such a compass of time, to be met with) an ornament to the long robe," as Kennet writes. His name first appears as one of the six Clerks in Chancery under Wolsey, and in 1529—the year of his purchase of Chilton—was appointed comptroller and supervisor of the Hanaper for life. This clerkship and his later offices were extremely profitable, and it is not surprising that when a vast quantity of land came into the market at the time of the Dissolution of religious houses, Croke was a



Copyright.

THE HOUSE FROM THE HILL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE ENTRANCE GATES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

considerable purchaser. He died in 1554, leaving by his will forty shillings to the poor of Beckley, Studley, Horton and Brill, and twenty shillings to Boarstall, Oakley, Ludgershall, Dorton, Wotton, Ashendon - cum - Policote, Nether Winchendon, Cherdesley, Crendon, Wormenhall, and Chilton with Easington, and "a chaine of golde to yonge Cicely Croke," his grand-daughter. Sir John Croke, his son, Sheriff of Bucks, married Elizabeth Unton of that Berkshire family who built what has been called a "very comprehensive and entire family memorial" for him in the taste of the day. This is a large arched recess with an elaborately ornamented architectural setting of black marble Corinthian pillars, entablature and pediment. Sir John's effigy is clad in late sixteenth century armour, his lady's in black gown and ruff, while eleven children kneel on cushions on the base. The eldest and third sons are robed in the Judge's scarlet and wear black coifs; the second and fourth in the black gowns of an usher barrister, and a reader. The fifth son evidently did not follow the law, for he is habited as "an esquire or gentleman who bears arms"—"an extraordinary incident," notes Kennet, "and worthy



Copyright.

IN THE HALL.

"C.L."

observation to see two judges, a barrister and a reader of the law to arise out of the stock of children of a private country gentleman." Though an inscription tells us that the tomb was made at "the charges and direction" of the said Lady Elizabeth, these figures at any rate could not all have been set up by her direction, for her third son did not become a judge until long after her death in 1611. The scrollwork in the spandrels, the trophies in the side panels, are unusually delicate, the colouring of this fine monument is still bright and vivid, and a few necessary repairs have quite recently been made to it.

Sir John was followed by his eldest son, also Sir John, who was knighted while Speaker of the House of Commons, and complimented by Queen Elizabeth for having "proceeded therein with such wisdom and discretion that none before him had deserved better."

His wisdom and discretion did not protect him from a lampoon by Sir Michael Hicks:

Down came Sir John Croke,
And said his message on his boke, etc.

In his progress to the rank of a Judge of the King's Bench he held many offices, and his arms were placed in the north



Copyright.

DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

window of the hall of the Inner Temple and at Serjeants' Inn. He obtained a grant of lands in Bernwode Forest, which he held with Chilton until his death in 1619, when his body was brought from his house in Holborn to be interred here, under an epitaph composed by himself. His brother, Sir George Croke, is famous as one of the two patriotic judges during the period before the Civil War who had the strength of mind to give judgment for Hampden against the claim of the Crown for ship-money. He bought some of the property his brother, Sir John, began to disperse, the manor of Easington and the house and estate of Studley Priory, but Chilton remained in the elder branch, descending to Sir John's son John, who contented himself with "living and dying a country gentleman." His son, the fourth Sir John, raised a troop of horse for the King in the Civil War, and was created a Baronet, but the date of his patent is unknown. Being engaged in "a most unrighteous prosecution" of Robert Hawkins, the Incumbent of Chilton, whom he undertook to "hang at the next assizes," he was removed from his office of a justice of the peace for the county, and eventually died a prisoner in the Fleet, in 1670. His only son, Sir Dodsworth, said to have been knighted in his father's lifetime by Charles II., was the last of this family to live in the village of Chilton, where he died in obscurity in 1728.

The estate alienated about 1682 was successively in the families of Limbrey and Hervey, and the widow of Henry Hervey in 1739 conveyed the estate to Chief Justice Richard Carter, a successful lawyer like the earlier Crokes, and who belonged by birth and education to the neighbouring town of Oxford. His grand-daughter carried it in marriage to Sir John Aubrey, Bart., who, after her death, gave it to the Hon. Henry Grey Bennet, son of the fourth Earl of Tankerville, and by his will of 1825 bequeathed the reversion and remainder, after the death of Henry Bennet, to his niece Elizabeth, wife of Mr. C. S. Ricketts, with

remainder to her sons, and in default of their male issue to Sir Henry Fletcher of Ham Manor, Angmering, and his heirs. Thus on the death of Charles Aubrey Aubrey, formerly Ricketts, in 1901, Sir Henry Fletcher, a descendant of the third Sir John Aubrey (1680-1743), succeeded to the estates of that family in Glamorganshire, Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, and took the additional name of Aubrey by Royal licence in 1903. His brother, Sir Lancelot Aubrey-Fletcher, Bart., is the present owner of Chilton.

The first Sir John Croke's home is described in the "Genealogical History of the Croke Family" as in the form

of the Roman "H," having in the centre of the front an embattled porch covered with lead, with an ascent of several steps, and over the door the inscription, "Jehova Turris Mea." A fine stone gateway which formed the entrance from the street, with a large arch for carriages, and a smaller arch, was carved on the entablature with the words: "Da gloriam Deo, Deus non Deseret," and above with "Omnia Desuper," and survived until Sir John Aubrey's nineteenth century "improvements." In the Rebellion it was intended to have demolished the house, to prevent its falling into



Copyright.

THE STAIRWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the hands of the Parliamentarians, as appears by the following letter from

PRINCE RUPERT TO SP. WILL. CAMPION, KT.,
Governor of Boarstall.

Whereas I am credibly informed that ye Rebels have a designe to fix a Garrison in Chilton-House, a place of strength, and web being possessed by them may much annoy and incommode his Majesty's Quarters. These are therefore to authorise and require you, immediately after sight hereof, in case you are not able to putt a Garrison into ye same, to demolish, raze, and render it in such a condition that it may not anye wayes be usefull to ye Enemye. I shall not prescribe ye waye unto you, but leave that to yor

owne discretion, whereof you may not fail. And for your soe doing this shall be your sufficient Warrant. Given under my Hand and Seale at Armes, this 27th of Jan. 1644.—RUPERT.

This was followed by a counter order the next day, in these terms :

To SIR W^m. CAMPION, Kt.
&c., Governor of Boarstall.

SIR,—You are only, notwithstanding any former order, to demolish or pull down y^e outwalls and doors of Chilton House, y^e body of y^e House remaining whole. Hereof you are not to fail.—RUPERT.

Oxford, this 28th of Jan. 1644.

The house, after this order, remained until 1740, when it was almost entirely taken down by Judge Carter, preparatory to the erection of the present



Copyright.

THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE FIREPLACE IN THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM. "C L."

building, "after a reduced model of Wymondley Buckingham House," we are told, retaining, however, some traces of the old building in the walls, chimneys, and some of the doorways. It is difficult to see much resemblance between Wynne's elevation, a two-storied house with an attic, with four pilasters grouped in the centre and surmounted by a balustrade, and Chilton, a square, three-storied brick building with a panelled parapet and with basement and dressings of stone. The entrance front has curved walls connecting the house with the two pavilions—a very usual plan of the century. The remains of the Croke mansion are the north and south walls, of which the north with its projecting Tudor chimney stack with burnt brick diamond pattern is delightful in its quiet strength and colour; while a second stack to the east of this appears to be of early seventeenth century date. On the south wall the doorway with its four-centred head and stop chamfered jambs and a window of four lights with pointed heads under a square moulded label are of Tudor date.

Indoors the cellars with brick barrel vaulting and some small pointed niches in the walls appear to have belonged to the original house. Of James I.'s date and of the time of the third Sir John, there is in a bedroom on the first floor a plain moulded fireplace with inscriptions scratched upon it, the only legible sentence being a curious sentiment: "L'on possede a contre cœur la chose que person ne daigne avoir," in seventeenth century script—a human touch which brings together occupants of the room living more than three centuries apart. There is some sixteenth century panelling which has been reset in the long, narrow bedroom on the second floor, no doubt the "gallarie" which Sir John Croke speaks of in his will in 1608. Three rooms on the south side are also lined with early seventeenth century panelling. Among the principal rooms in the early Georgian manner of decoration as yet untouched by the Rococo spirit, the white painted hall and drawing-room are remarkable for a certain fine austerity; while in the small drawing-room Thomas Hudson's picture of the Chief Justice, painted in 1747, looks down from a more elaborately treated "continued" chimney-piece.

The garden, like the house, bears traces of the first Croke and the first Carter, for the



Copyright. **IN THE CHURCH.** "C.L."
The Organ and the Monument of Chief Justice Carter.



MONUMENT OF THE SECOND SIR JOHN COOKE.
With the original Iron Railings.



Copyright. **THE LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY SCREEN ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CHURCH.** "COUNTRY LIFE."
The Mullions have been replaced by turned Seventeenth Century Balusters.

wall between the churchyard and the garden is certainly the work of Sir John Croke, who introduced a large cross of dark brick in it opposite the east end of the church, just as his master, Wolsey, set a brick cross, still remaining, in one of the walls at Hampton Court. The Chief Justice's setting of the house is preserved in the large forecourt, divided from the road by a wrought-iron railing upon a dwarf wall, with

a fine wrought-iron entrance gate, gate-piers and overthrow. Though unspoilt in all essentials, Chilton had for a long period been used as a farmhouse, and its wise repair and restoration is due chiefly to the taste of the tenant, Lady Egerton, who has brought back all its old charm to the house and gardens. A. D.

The Country Home for next week will be Slobhall, Perthshire, the property of the Earl of Ancaster.

SOME RELICS OF CANONS.

IT is hard to believe that so vast and magnificent a palace as that of Canons, so recently erected and environed with superb gardens and pleasure grounds, could disappear so completely that scarce a vestige remains.

It was begun in 1712 and completed by the nobleman known to his contemporaries as the "princely Chandos," created first Duke in 1719. The trustees, after vainly offering it for sale, felt constrained to sell the materials by auction in 1747, when that which had cost upwards of £200,000 to create, realised no more than £11,000 on its destruction. The materials and effects were scattered far and wide, some of the more important being here identified for the first time. Only two contemporary pictures of it are known to exist, and these show a vast building in the Palladian style, placed diagonally to the main approach so as to bring two sides into view at once. Vertue described it as a noble square pile, all of stone; the four sides almost alike, with statues on the front. The walls were reputed to be 12ft. thick below ground and 9ft. above. James of Greenwich, Gibbs and Shepherd are believed to have been employed as architects, and Strong, the mason of St. Paul's Cathedral, is reputed to have built the north front. Dr. Alexander Blackwell, author of a treatise on agriculture, was more or less concerned in laying out the grounds. In the interior great use, considering the period, was made of marble. The principal staircase and the columns, etc., which supported it, are fortunately preserved and built into

Chesterfield House, Mayfair, being of solid marble. The hall was richly adorned with marble statues, busts, etc., but the glory of the house lay chiefly in its painted walls and ceilings. Pope's satire undoubtedly referred to it:

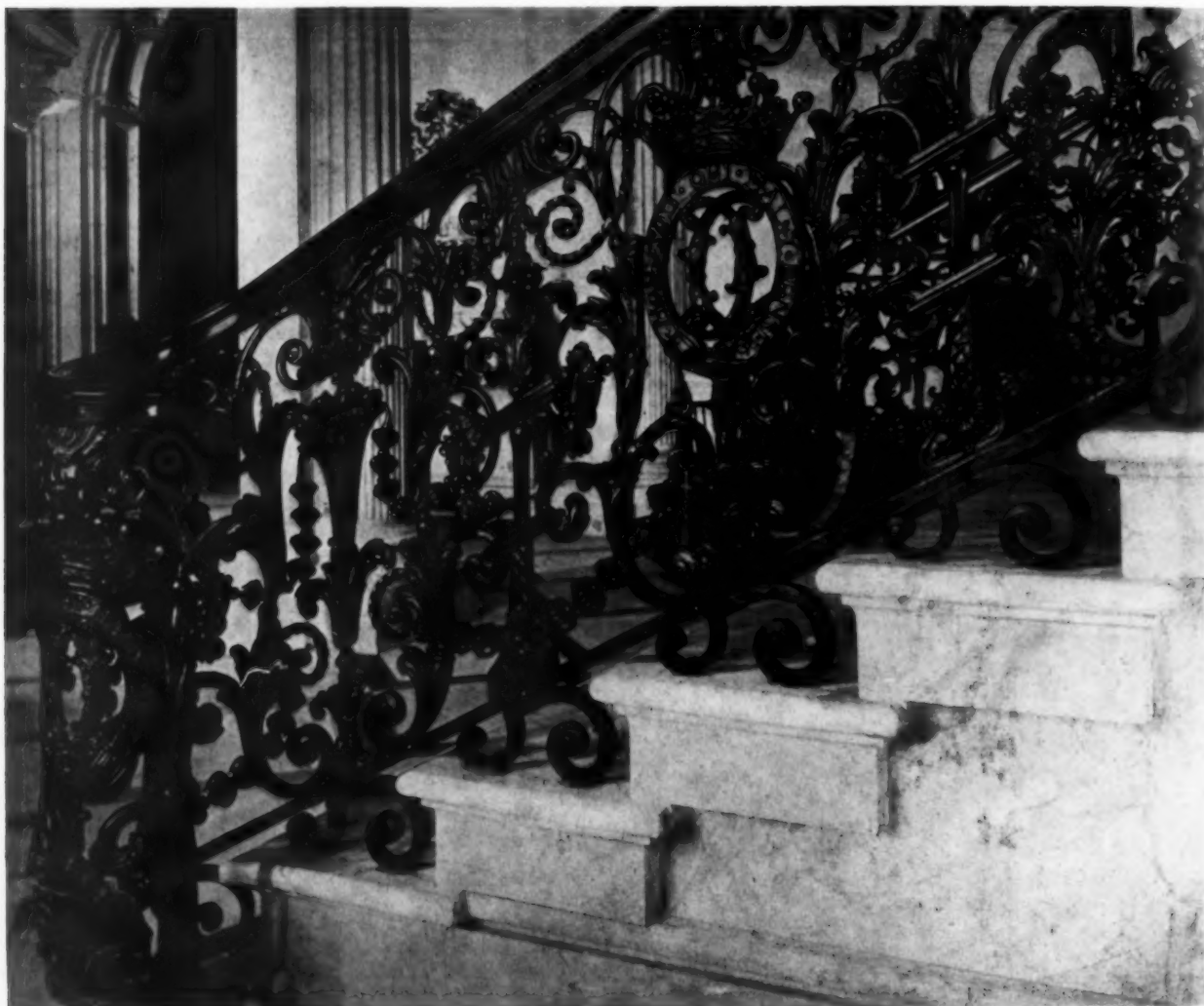
*On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
White sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre.*

The Venetian painter, Bellucci, worked on some of the salons, and the ceiling of the staircase was by Thornhill. Of these, and the plasterwork and gilding by Pargoni, of course, nothing remains, but the neighbouring church of St. Lawrence Whitchurch, rebuilt by the Duke, contains the walls and ceiling paintings by Laguerre, and others on either side the altar by Bellucci. Vertue described the grand apartments as finely adorned with paintings, sculpture and furniture, and the locks and hinges of the state rooms are said to have been of gold and silver. All this unworshipped magnificence completely dazzled contemporaries, and poems were published in its praise (Samuel Humphreys, folio 1712, and another by Gildon). The gardens were no less grand, and abounded in vistas, lakes, canals and statues, as Pope's line,

Trees cut like statues, statues thick as trees,

sufficiently implies.

Before describing the scattered relics that have come under our notice, a brief account of the family may be of interest. The family name of Brydges is traced to Brugge in



MOVED FROM CANONS TO CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.



CHESTERFIELD HOUSE: AREA RAILING.

Shropshire, anciently written Bruges, Burgh, Brigge, etc., by descent from the Montgomerys. There are records of a Sir Simon de Bruges in the reign of Henry the Third, and from Agincourt onwards its knights were distinguished for valour. A marriage with Sir Thomas Berkeley's daughter connected them with the noble family of Chandos, which came over at the Conquest. A Sir John Bruges was held in great honour and richly rewarded by Henry VIII. for his defence of Boulogne, and received a peerage and the title of Baron Chandos from Mary in 1554. The name was varied to Brydges, the English equivalent of Bruges, by the first baron's nephew, whose descendant succeeded to the title as fourth baron, dying in 1602. The Dukedom was conferred on the ninth Lord, James Brydges, born in 1673, to whom Canons with other manors came with the heiress of Sir Thomas Lake. As one of the Privy Council to Prince George of Denmark, he became adviser on the affairs of the Admiralty and Paymaster to Her Majesty's Forces abroad, which greatly enriched him. The Dukedom and other titles followed in 1719 on the accession of George I. Within a year, however, he commenced to lose heavily in the South Sea and other "bubbles," which perhaps prompted Pope's prophetic verse:

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope and nod on the
parterre;
Deep harvests bury all his pride had
plann'd
And laughing Ceres reassume the
land.

The first Duke lived till 1744 in great state and was buried with his wives in St. Lawrence, Whitechurch. Though the estates were heavily encumbered, his successor seems actually to have entertained the project of buying up the land intervening between his house in Chandos Street and Canons at Edgware, and so to drive from one to the other on his own domains. The two stone houses on the north side of Cavendish Square were built for his porters' lodges. This Duke died within a short time, and the sale, as already stated, took place in 1747, three years after the first Duke's death. Losses on 'Change and extravagance were the immediate causes, though some would hold that the baronies of Canons and Wimborough, as Church property until the Dissolution of the Monasteries in 1544, would bring misfortune on their lay possessors. Moreover, Smollett, in his *Continuation of Hume*, states that the Duke, when Paymaster of the Forces, could account for all the money that passed through his hands except £3,000,000, deploring the venality of the times. *Raison de plus.*

Of the building, the columns went to Wanstead House—since destroyed—and the marble staircase, as we have seen, to Chesterfield House. Most of the statues and vases must exist, whether known by their owners to be from Canons or not; but only two, the equestrian statue in lead of George I., so wantonly destroyed while standing in Leicester Square, and of George II. in Golden Square, have been publicly identified. The Durdans possesses a richly worked iron gate still bearing the Chandos motto, purchased with a great deal of other material by Alderman Belcher. The arms, *argent, on a cross sable a leopard's head or*, and the crest the bust of an old man, are now replaced by the Belcher crest. The not dissimilar gates of Hampstead Parish Church bear no arms, but their purchase from Canons with about 50ft. of railing is recorded in the Minute Book of the Church Trustees, as very kindly communicated to the writer by the Rev. Edward Koch. Neither of these is important enough to have formed the principal entrance of the nearly mile-long avenue from Edgware, broad enough for three coaches abreast, the iron gates to which were enriched with the arms of Chandos, and between stone pillars crowned with their heraldic supporters, two others. Walford's statement in "Greater London" that these are at New College, Oxford, is entirely baseless. May they possibly be those at Wootton, near Aylesbury? where there are magnificent gates and railings which seem to bear no very relative proportion to the house.

The extremely richly wrought iron balustrade went to Chesterfield House with the marble staircase. An advantage noted by Vertue was that the initials C in the ironwork only needed the replacement of the ducal coronet by an earl's to make it available. The Earl was extremely pleased with



CHESTERFIELD HOUSE: PANEL OF RAILING.



AT THE DURDANS.

his bargain, for he wrote: "My Court, my hall, and my staircase will be really magnificent"; and, again, "the form such a scene as is not in England." The magnificent railings in the forecourt are by the same hand and of the same period, and no doubt of the same *provenance*, for nothing of the kind was being produced in England when the house was building. The sale was very *à propos* for the earl, as his house was finished for habitation within two years. Considerable quantities of ironwork must have existed at Canons, as the gardens were divided by iron balustrades, so as to be seen at one view from any part. Lead-work must have abounded, too, since the spacious terrace descending to the parterre was bordered by gilded vases on each side down to the canal, with a gilt gladiator as the central object.

By whom all this ironwork was made is difficult to determine. The great master, Tijou, quitted England in 1712, the year when the house was begun, for Paris, where he seems either to have joined L. Fordrin or sold his designs, engravings and cartoons to him. He left his wife to wind up the business and follow, but whether she actually did so is not known, for several of his name remained in London, and possibly his mantle fell on one of them. An engraving of stair balustrades of poor design and later date, evidently a leaf from a catalogue, is signed "T. Tijou," indicating that the profession of designer and metal worker had not been dropped by the family. The

work at Canons in any case proves that some highly skilled disciple of Tijou, working in the metropolis, has yet to be identified.

J. STARKIE GARDNER.

FELLOWSHIP BOOKS.

Poetry, by Arthur Quiller-Couch.

Trees, by Eleanor Farjeon.

Flowers, by J. Foord.

THIS is the general title of a series of books now in process of publication by B. T. Batsford. They are uniform in size, cost and appearance, and each volume is by a separate author. The marching order seems to have been that each should go in its own way, and the three books before us illustrate this characteristic in a striking manner. Perhaps the most important of them is that on *Poetry*, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. It is an essay conceived on kindred lines to the one contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who, I believe, is about to republish it in book form. Mr. Watts-Dunton's method is to go back to first principles, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch goes back further still, if we may be permitted the paradox. He begins with the Spindle that "turns on the knees of Necessity," and travels by the



FROM CANONS TO HAMPSTEAD PARISH CHURCH.

road to the old, old questions, How, Whence and Whether. He tells us of the inner harmony of things, and eventually reaches the conclusion that Poetry is an instrument, although a notoriously imperfect one, for reconciling man's inward harmony with the great outer harmony of the universe. The essay is very fresh, liberal in thought and suggestive in idea. If we go to first principles, we could scarcely proceed in better company.

A book on *Trees* by Eleanor Farjeon begins with stating, presumably as a qualification for writing the book, that the author knows nothing whatever about trees. Then she goes on to rehearse her credo: "I believe that trees are interpreters of a secret between man and God; I believe that their branches are hands reached out to you, and the wind in their leaves is speech to you; I believe that beneath their rind the sap makes mysterious response to his blood who leans upon them in his need; I believe that leaves spotted red and yellow, picked up by daylight for their lovely shapes and colours, were fairy treasure under last night's moon." Of course, the language is inaccurate—"believe" should be read "fancy," and if Miss Farjeon's mind is stored with an inexhaustible supply of the very pretty fancies which she sets forth in this book, the reader will be very ready to overlook her ignorance. The said ignorance, on her own testimony, applies to trees; but the reader will speedily learn that it does not touch literature.

Mr. J. Foord's *Flowers* is very chatty and agreeable. He raises the old lament that among modern flower-lovers Latin names are more and more used and the English names seem in danger of being forgotten. We agree with him

that wherever possible the English names should be used. Many of them have pleasing traditions connected with their origin, and countless generations have talked of Virgin's Bower, Lady's Thimble, Mary Buds, and the Virgin Mary's Taper—to take only a few that are connected with the Virgin. No doubt we owe that nomenclature to the monks, who might very well have given such names as Old Man's Beard and Old Man's Nightcap—the old man alluded to being the Devil; but wherever the names came from, they are precious and should be kept; only as people pass the simple elementary stage in gardening and come face to face with a vast array of old varieties and new hybrids, they are bound to use a term that will have an exact meaning in the understanding of the florist and nurseryman. When expert meets expert, again the interchange of ideas means a use of Latin names, which in reality are not so hideous as they are sometimes represented to be. Mr. Foord has carried his interest in flowers into far antiquity, and delights in explaining how many of our floral sayings and customs have come down from antiquity. Father Adam was himself a gardener, and the craft with which he began had always many followers. It will be remembered that Gilead "took plants and with them taught the men of Succoth." In the morning of the world flowers seem to have been more highly prized even than they are now. In old Athens flowers were in such demand that the flower-sellers took one-fourth of all the market space, and their idea of Heaven was that green plain whereon grows the asphodel. It is a good book, well worth getting and reading.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A FEW weeks ago we published a much admired translation of the brilliant lyric, "To Rhyme," which serves as introduction to Carducci's "Rime Nuove." Since then various correspondents have written to us about the famous Italian poet. One or two who keep themselves abreast of modern literature write that Carducci is not so well known and not so freely translated as he deserves to be. France and Germany are more cosmopolitan, and therefore more appreciative than Britain. Others ask for information. They have heard of Carducci, but know little more than his name, and having a growing curiosity they wish to gratify it. We may, perhaps, be able to put them on the right track by explaining that they will find what they want in a volume by Mr. G. L. Bickersteth of Christ Church, Oxford. Its full title is *Carducci: A Selection of His Poems, with Verse Translations, Notes, and Three Introductory Essays* (Longmans, Green and Co.). Mr. Bickersteth writes with modesty and good sense about his translation:

My versions of these poems of Carducci were not made for those who can read the Italian at sight. Written in the first place to satisfy myself that I understood the poet's meaning, I publish them now in the hope that they will serve not as a substitute for, but as an *interpretation* of, the original to those unacquainted or only slightly acquainted with the Italian language. So far as my own knowledge and skill went, I have tried to render faithfully at once the substance, the form, and the spirit of the Italian.

In reality, this apology is a recommendation. A poet does not often succeed in translation. He is so much under the mastery of his own imagination and originality that his version, if it be a good one, is sure to be less a rendering than a new creation. Mr. Bickersteth, in his unpretentious way, gives us an excellent idea of the sense and rhythm of the poems. The versions were not originally intended for the public, but for the writer's own use. As the Italian text is printed opposite the English translation, it is possible for those who know a little Italian to obtain a fair idea alike of the sense and rhythm. At the same time, three introductory essays are admirably calculated to give those who are feeling a first attraction the information they require. The subjects are respecting the life of Carducci, his poetry, and the metres of the "Barbarian Odes." In the poet's biography the most important point to be noted is that his early life was spent during a period of recurring national struggle. He was born in 1835, and therefore was but thirteen in 1848, when his father took the active part that might have been expected in one who was a strong liberal. Nine years later was to occur the war with Austria. Carducci never actually enlisted, but his patriotism was as passionate as that of Garibaldi. No one can quite understand the nature of his Muse without taking into account the troublous times through which Italy was passing. His own personal path led not to the tented field, but to the groves of Akademia. In 1856 he had been nominated Professor of Rhetoric in the Gymnasium of San Miniato al Tedesco, a position which he resigned in 1857 because he saw the place was untenable, since his extreme Republican opinions clashed with the interests of the Government. The latter quashed his appointment to an educational post at Arezzo. After other ups and downs he accepted the

chair of rhetoric at Bologna, where he remained for forty-six years.

Carducci died in 1907, and his period of greatest literary activities was roughly between 1860 and 1870. His period, in fine, coincided with that of Tennyson; but in comparing the two we have to remember that the greatest of the Victorian poets lived in a time of domestic peace when England, her long Continental struggle for the time over, was resting on her laurels, looked up to by all the other Powers of the world. Perhaps she was a little too self complacent, too assured that for her the great questions had been solved. But Carducci lived in a troubled and torn Italy, a nationality fighting to be free. Much of his verse was political, which is to say it was writ for the passing hour. Occasionally, however, Tennyson and he meet on the same ground, as, for instance, on the subject of "Sweet Catullus, all-but-island olive-silvery Sirmis." And Carducci:

Nay, but, Lalage, here, whence the bountiful spaces of azure
Entrance thine eyes and soothe thy soul,

Here did Valerius Catullus below on the glistening pebbles
Once more his swift Bithynian bark;

Here hath he sat long days, and Lesbia's eyes in the water
Phosphorescent and tremulous,

Yes, and Lesbia's treacherous smile and numberless graces,
Hath gazed at in the glassy flood,

While in the gloomy alleys of Rome fair Lesbia languished
Among the sons of Romulus.

The safest conception of Carducci is to be found by taking his own account of what the poet should and should not be. No bard of passion he, for in "The Poet" he writes:

And still less is he a lazy
Fool, in hazy
Day-dreams wrapt, for ever spying
After angels, head in air
In despair
To see naught but martins flying.

Carducci did not sing of love or woman. The romance of passion was as foreign to him as that consciousness of life's majesty and mystery and sorrow that produced the greatest lines in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," the "Book of Job," the stately melancholy of certain passages in the "Odyssey." He is not a Wordsworth making a creed of Nature:

Nor is he a garden lover,
Such as over
Life's path scatters with the spade his
Rich manure, and men-folk dowers
With cabbage flowers,
Keeping violets for the ladies.

But here is his definition of the poet, and in it is set forth his own ideal:

The poet is a mighty blacksmith,
Whose broad back's with
Iron muscles furrowed: daily
He, with pride of strength invested,
Works, bare-chested,
Sinewy-armed, and smiling gaily.

Ere the twitter of birds gives warning
Of glad morning
On the hill hath he descended,
And with roaring bellows wakes the
Flame that makes the
Forge, whereat he labours, splendid.

The interest of this passage lies in its delineation of the writer's territory. We do not agree with him and yet admire his sincerity. "Romeo and Juliet," or, better still, the Shakespeare sonnets, are full of matchless poetry. So is Tintern Abbey. Yet these come not within the bounds mapped out. However, though we cannot agree with Carducci, we must admire. For in truth his verses and "Rhyme" in particular open a thousand little avenues to what is sad or magical or clothed with rich memories. He is not a master wizard, yet weaves a subtle spell. Those who have not yet made his acquaintance may be heartily recommended to do so through Mr. Bickersteth's learned and appreciative volume.

A SUCCESSOR TO JACOB STAHL.

The House in Demetrius Road. by J. W. Beresford. (Heinemann.) THIS new story of Mr. Beresford's reminds us more of "The Story of Jacob Stahl" than of either of his later books. The characters are familiar, newspaper men and politicians; the *milieu* is the same as that of "A Candidate for Truth" and its predecessor essentially the same as that in "Goslings." The tale finishes at the same point as "A Candidate for Truth," with the marriage of Martin Bond on an income which, with all due respect to Mr. Beresford, is absurdly small for a Cambridge man who has been accustomed to live in the way men do at the 'Varsity. But Martin has just finished writing a book in collaboration, and should soon be in a position to double or treble his income, so he is in a better position than Jacob Stahl was. Mr. Beresford's novels owe very little of their interest to their plots, so it is possible to discuss *The House in Demetrius Road* in this way without spoiling it for the reader. There is one difference between this last book and Jacob Stahl and its sequel. They tell the story of the regeneration of an average man. This has for its *raison d'être* the fall of a strong man who just missed greatness; though the real interest of this last book does not lie with Robin Grey, but with Maggie, perhaps the best drawn of all Mr. Beresford's women. Those

who wish the author well and hope that he may fulfil the great promise that his work has shown, and these admirers will, we feel certain, include all his readers, must hope that he will either turn his brilliant analytical powers to the study of a somewhat different *milieu*, or that he will attempt to finish the story begun in Jacob Stahl, a task, of course, of immense difficulty. He threatens to get into a groove, with small variation on the one theme, a temptation all the greater inasmuch that he handles this theme so brilliantly, but a temptation that an artist of Mr. Beresford's ability should resist.

IN A SMALL IRISH TOWN.

Waiting. by Gerald O'Donovan. (Macmillan.)

MR. O'DONOVAN'S novel was not written without the impetus of an inexhaustible love and patience to urge its author forward; slowly and steadily there has grown under his hand an extraordinarily convincing picture of Liscannow, the small Irish town and people we know so intimately at his tale's end. Here is life, and not its semblance, set down before us with a partisan spirit that claims in every breath for the cause of freedom which these pages represent with no measured assurance as in chains to-day. It is an interesting stand that Mr. O'Donovan has taken up; and with a minute and close adherence to the daily life of these working-class men and women, devoted and yet shrewdly casuistic, he makes his points in all fairness to both sides. The story of Maurice Blake and Alice Barton, with its problem of religious difference, must have had its prototype many a time in the past; for such obstacles as barred the way to their marriage have retarded other lovers in a like case. Mr. O'Donovan, in taking this situation, has not gone out of his way to provide material for a book that for its sincerity and the unlaboured pathos of its appeal deserves recognition.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND SOME STORIES.

The House of Pride. by Jack London. (Mills and Boon.)

THESE stories are good of their kind; indeed, the epic of Chum a Chum is admirable. But, of course, the most interesting portion of this book is Jack London's little autobiographical note at the end. In these few pages he gives us an unvarnished outline of his life; his novels, especially "Martin Eden" and "The Valley of the Moon," fill in the detail for the discerning. What a life he has led—rough-and-tumble, from one end of the earth to the other, before the mast, sailing his own schooner, a stowaway on Transatlantic trains, in gaol, in factories, in universities; the vicissitudes were as rapid as the experiences extreme. But out of them all Mr. London has built up a philosophy of life which enables him to look upon it whole without shame or fear, and what better gift could a man win for himself?

HUNTERS IN SPRING.

WHEN the hunting season is over and the horse owner has time to consider the matter, the question arises as to what shall be done with the faithful servants who have ministered to his pleasure during the winter past. Usually there is some patching up to do, and Jorrock's wish that it was possible to put new legs on old bodies is echoed by many a sportsman. Most hunters are subjected during the season to great strain and exertion far beyond that of the horse whose work lies in other spheres—long hours out of the stable and great muscular exertion put to trial constitution and conformation, and a horse must be very perfect in both which does not in course of time develop some weak point. There are advocates of turning horses out to grass and others who grudge the loss of muscle and condition which is said to follow such practice. Personally, I cannot

help thinking that when conditions are favourable, the return to a natural life and diet after a very unnatural one has much to be said for it. By favourable conditions I mean a suitable place, which, to be ideal, is upland grass, a large enclosure—the larger the better—good water and a place of refuge from flies and such pests. For horses turned out, as polo ponies are during winter, a shed is superfluous, as they will practically never use it, preferring to shelter on the lea side outside the shed during the hardest and roughest weather; but during summer a shed is most necessary; it should be dark and, if possible, draughty, which two things form a perfect defence against flies. Horses will spend all the hot hours in the shady shed, and should they be fed, it may be done at this time. It is sometimes a distressing thing to see docked and hogged horses which have no place of refuge stamp and worry under the insect pest during the hot time of day, and all the

stamping done then when the ground is hard must be exceedingly bad for legs and feet, and have just the opposite effect to that which a grass run undoubtedly should have if properly carried out. Summering in boxes is the other alternative; and should this be done, I think it is well to see that solitary confinement is not a part of the system. Horses suffer a great deal from this, I believe, and so-called stable vices, such as weaving and crib biting, originate largely from it. Provided that they are moderately quiet horses, I do not see much objection to



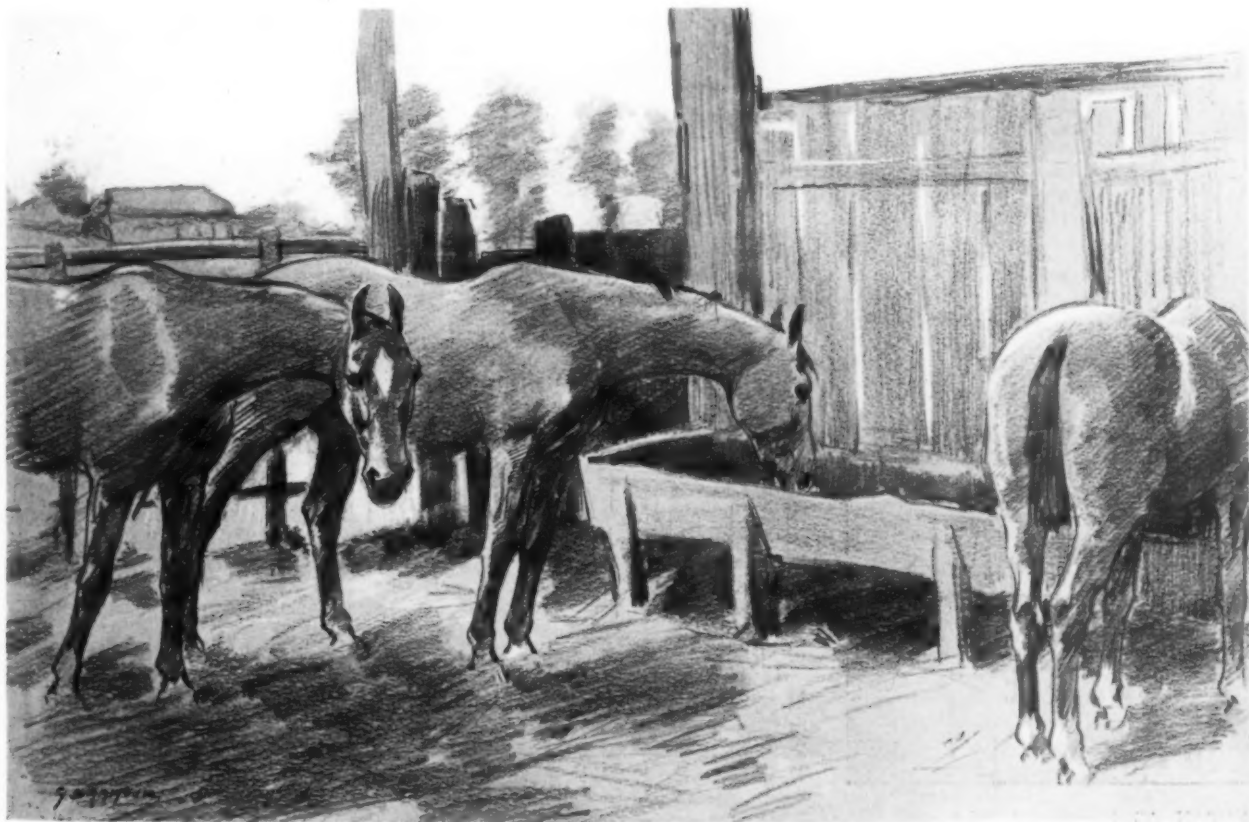
UNDER THE HAMMER.



HUNTERS TURNED OUT.

several being together, but the run must be large, like an old Dutch barn or such place, where they may, as at grass, dodge a kick—loose horses do this nearly always successfully. Should they be separated, as is more usual, their yards should join one another so that they may enjoy one another's society, if only through the rails. Horses are not very highly intelligent animals, but have a good deal of imagination and a wonderful memory, and the effect of four blank walls can be nothing but bad and will often lead to tricks. Just as the caged animals at menageries learn to run up and down the cage, so a horse learns to crib bite, to tear the woodwork, his clothes, or some other bad habit.

Some hunting men advertise that they "sell annually," and some genuinely do. Often, however, the submitting of a stud of horses to auction merely means that there are several which the owner finds unsuitable, or for some reason wishes to get rid of, and the others are sent up as "window attractions." Everyone, from the greatest to the least, has to sell sometimes, and such sales occasionally suggest a touch of sentiment to the observer, more often in the case of the very small stud, as I believe to such owner usually comes a much closer friendship between him and his or her one or two horses, than is the case in the larger stud, where changes are more frequent and of less personal moment to those



HUNTERS "ROUGHED UP."

concerned. Sometimes a good old servant has to be sold. Though not what he once was, there may be years of usefulness in him yet, but there are cases where this is exceedingly doubtful, and I would, at this season, offer a plea for such. Surely in the case of a hunter which is what you may call nearly done, if not quite so, it is an act of meanness to sell him at all;

far better to put him down and know that a friend to which you owed many a day's enjoyment had no chance of going "down hill" at the end of his days. Surely if you have had only a season or two's work from him, you owe him as much as the few pounds he will fetch in the sale ring.
G.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

FAMOUS GOLFERS AND THEIR METHODS: MASSY AND HERD.

BY GEORGE DUNCAN.

I SUPPOSE that every good golfer is in some degree a distinct type, but I do not know any two successful players who differ so much from their fellows (and, for that matter, from one another) as Arnaud Massy and Alexander Herd. Massy, the first Frenchman to gain world-wide renown at the game, is daringly original, as one might expect him to be, seeing that he is the pioneer of first-class golf in his own country. And yet, with all his individuality of method, the student of style has only to see him swing a club a few times to be convinced that his playing principles are sound, even though they might not suit the majority, and that underlying them are the elements of complete orthodoxy.

The most interesting and remarkable characteristic of Massy's system is the way in which, as he nears the top of the swing, he imparts to the club a flourish which causes its head to waggle exuberantly and then attain a position well over his own head. It has been called a "pigtail," a "twiddle-bit" and various other names. The effect is that, at the top of the swing, the toe of the club is pointing to the ground, not behind his shoulders, as in the case of most of us who try to play golf well, but more or less in front of him, over his head. I have studied this action several times, and I think I know how he performs it. There is nothing very startling about it; I believe that Massy applies "draw" to his shots by doing at the half-way stage what other people attempt at the instant of impact.

Let us watch him from the beginning. His grip with the right hand is something like that of Mr. John Ball. The thumb is almost off the shaft and doing little or no work. The club rests on the bottom joint of the forefinger of the right hand, and that joint he uses very considerably for going through with the shot. The other three fingers are gripping firmly. His stance is open. But it is the swing that interests us, by reason of its originality. When the club is half way up, he turns the right wrist with the action of "locking the door," as Mr. John L. Low has aptly described it. Most people who play for "draw" endeavour to perform

this movement as they strike the ball; it seems to me that Massy does it as he nears the top of the swing and obtains precisely the proper effect. I am the more prepared to believe this since I am convinced that the position of the club at the top of the swing governs the shot. If you have the club properly ordered there, you have only to hit.

Undoubtedly Massy has it in an ideal position for a shot played with "draw," and so he secures the

effect without any deliberate effort. It is a manner of playing for the pull that deserves close attention, and it is the explanation, I think, of an idiosyncrasy that has attracted very much attention. In other respects, however, Massy has a system of his own. He makes rare play with his wrists, and although his weight is mostly on the right leg, he does not sway. As he takes the club up, he turns the left foot outwards,

so that the sole of the boot almost faces the hole. I do not know any other first-class player who does that. There is very little weight on the left leg at the top of the swing, and yet he is not swaying. Massy always has a high tee. Even when he is driving into the teeth of the wind. He seems to hit the ball before his swing has reached the bottom of the arc, and so he is invariably beating it down. That, I suppose, is why he is able to place his faith invariably in a high tee; there is no danger of his lifting a shot into the heavens. He has a beautifully free and easy finish; you never see him strained or contorted at the end of the swing. In that respect, he is like Vardon; these two are the only men I have seen who always finish as though the effort had been very easily within their powers. Massy is great with his driving iron, which he used with splendid effect in his open championship at Hoylake in 1907. He is, too, a born putter. He uses a goose-necked putting cleek, holds his hands very low and cocks the toe of the club up a little in the address. It is the bottom joint of the right forefinger that does the striking; he holds the club lightly and hits the ball with beautiful smoothness.

Alexander Herd might be called unorthodox in these days of golfing science; but he has his own way of obtaining effects, and to him, in any case, it is a very good way. In the first place, he is almost alone among prominent professionals in the adoption of the palm grip as distinct from the overlapping grip. The knuckles of his right hand are looking down to the ground as he addresses the ball, and this would make for pulling in the ordinary way; but Herd counteracts the influence by placing his left hand more under the shaft than is usual in the case of the man who practises the palm grip. He adopts the square stance, and during the address his left leg supports more weight than the right. Then, as the club goes back, he transfers practically all of the weight on to the right, with the result that a most emphatic sway is to be observed.

But Herd is not as most people who sway, because he has what I have called the "two-body movement"; he goes up on the right leg and comes back on to the left with the very pleasant consequence that, as he hits the ball, he is splendidly poised for the operation. The fault of the average swayer is that he forgets to come back on to the left leg as he brings the club down; that failing leaves him



DUNCAN AS MASSY AT THE TOP OF THE SWING.



DUNCAN AS HERD AT THE TOP OF THE SWING.

incapable of hitting the ball correctly. St. Andrews encourages the pull shot, and Herd, who learnt his golf on that great course, has the inborn tendency to pull marked strongly in his style. But he can hold a ball up to the right as skilfully as anybody. I do not know any other player who possesses in such a marked degree the ability to apply either "cut" or "draw." The circumstance which seems to enable Herd to recover his balance after swaying when taking the club up is that he pauses appreciably at the top of the swing. Most golfers hit instantly from that stage; Herd stops for an important fraction of a second, during which time he is preparing to return the distribution of weight that prevailed during the address. If a golfer must sway, I would advise him to take this hint from Herd's methods instead of snatching eagerly at the club directly it has reached the top of the swing. When Herd is not timing his pause to perfection, he is apt to hook. He is a magnificent spoon player, and he uses clubs of a flatter lie than any other first-class professional. That is why he seems to "sit down" so much to his shots. He has to do so, and the results show that he has certainly got the clubs that suit him.

THE LADIES' INTERNATIONALS.

I SPENT the last two days of last week watching golf played by ladies under circumstances which would have caused wise men to stay indoors. This was in the International matches at Hunstanton, and considering the strength and coldness of the wind and the vehemence of the black squalls that broke every now and again over the course, the ladies played remarkably well. This has been my first experience of watching the best ladies play for any length of time together, and one curious thing strikes me about it—namely, that after a round or so one comes almost to doubt whether the game is ever played by male persons. One begins by comparing the length of the shots with those of men, but soon one forgets all about the men and has but a single standard of criticism. Judged by this standard and leaving considerations of length out of the question, many of the ladies seem to play extraordinarily well; they are for the most part so desperately straight down the middle of the course with their drives, and likewise very accurate with any iron shot that does not need forcing. But this steady and accurate game, which impresses one in the case of the general run of players, is quite a different sort of game altogether to that played by one of the two or three really "big guns"—particularly, of course, Miss Cecil Leitch and Miss Ravenscroft. They drive a ball that many men would be proud of; their whole game is full of a power quite out of the reach of most of their competitors, and so they can afford to visit bunkers and miss putts (not that they do these things at all often) and yet have something in hand.

THE GIANTESSES OF THE GAME.

These few really powerful players among the ladies tower over their fellows more noticeably, I think, than do their counterparts among the men. So many men can hit long tee shots nowadays, and can, moreover, send the ball hurtling prodigious distances through the air with iron clubs, that the Balls and Hiltons, though they are marked out from among the common herd by a certain easy mastery as well as by the substantial fact

that they win, do not overwhelm their adversaries in point of power. In the "gutter" ball days it was different; then the big men used, as a rule, to hit much further as well as much straighter than their pygmy opponents; and in watching some of the matches on Friday and Saturday I felt a little as if I was back in the days of the "gutter." In the match between England and Ireland Miss Cecil Leitch had an opponent, Mrs. Lionel Jackson, whom she could outdrive by an incalculable number of yards, especially against the wind. Mrs. Jackson stuck to her so resolutely, went so straight and holed out so



MISS MURIEL DODD.

well that Miss Leitch only just got home by 2 and 1, but the odds in her favour were enormous. Again, Miss Ravenscroft was three down at the seventh hole in the English and Scottish match, and Miss Mather, her adversary, was and is by no means a short driver; but Miss Ravenscroft seemed so overpoweringly strong, with such power of forcing and punching the ball, outside the range of other people, that one felt that she must win;

and sure enough, when it came to the long beat home against the wind, she ran right away with rows of fours and won with perfect comfort. When it came to the Welsh match, these English giantesses polished off their unfortunate opponents in the neighbourhood of the thirteenth hole in a positively brutal manner.

A GREAT MATCH.

The most interesting match that I saw was one not of gigantic punching, but of straight and accurate play and a desperately close finish. It was just

such a match as one might expect to see between Mr. Ball and Mr. Laidlay if they met in an amateur championship. This great fight was between Miss Grant-Suttie and Miss Dodd, and Miss Grant-Suttie won it at the twenty-first hole. Miss Dodd, playing extremely accurately, and swinging her club after the manner of a well-oiled machine, quickly became three up, but Miss Grant-Suttie, with some fine iron shots and one unconscionable putt squared the match. Then Miss Dodd forged ahead again; she stood two up with four to play, and by all the laws of everything she ought to have won the fifteenth too.



MISS RAVENSCROFT DRIVING.

Here Miss Dodd made a fatal mistake; she was too greedy in getting out of a bunker and paid the penalty. Even so, she seemed to have the match in her hands when she was safely on the home green in three, while Miss Grant-Suttie was deep in a bunker. However, Miss Grant-Suttie hewed her way out of the bunker and finally ran down a good putt. Miss Dodd was a little weak with her approach putt, and just failed to hole out, and Miss Grant-Suttie emerged with a wonderful half, which she deserved perhaps not for her play, but certainly for her determination. She deserved all good things for the way she played the twenty-first hole, a drive, a very fine brassy shot, a run up and a five-foot putt—a splendid four to finish a most enthralling match.

B. D.

PROFESSIONAL TOURNAMENT AT BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

Sixty of the leading professionals took part in a thirty-six holes stroke competition at Bishop's Stortford on Wednesday, last week. The prize-money amounted to the total value of £120. George Duncan, with two brilliant rounds of 72 and 69, won the first prize of £40. His score of 69 constituted a record for the course, and read as follows: Out—4.5.4.3.3.3.5.4.5=36; home—4.4.4.3.3.3.4.4.4=33; total, 69. It was a delightful day for golf, and what wind there was did not in any way trouble the competitors. The course could not have been in better condition. There were many spectators, and they were obviously delighted with the wonderful golf played by the great masters. The feature of Duncan's play was the magnificence of his driving. His putting, too, was excellent. Harry Vardon finished two strokes behind Duncan, with two fine rounds of 72 and 71. Vardon did not drive with that mathematical precision that we have grown so accustomed to expect from so great a player. Ray was third, with two rounds of 74 and 70. His 70 was a remarkable round, as he was all over the place with his tee shots, but he made some amazing recoveries from what would have been to the ordinary mortal well-nigh impossible places. Braid came next with two steady rounds of 73 and 74. Abe Mitchell was fifth with an aggregate score of 148. The professionals thoroughly enjoyed the day's outing, and they were entertained in the most hospitable manner by Mr. Tresham Gilbey.

TENNIS.

FINAL TIE FOR THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

BY defeating Mr. Joshua Crane at Queen's Club in the final tie of this competition, Mr. E. M. Baerlein not only saved the championship for England, but proved conclusively that it is possible for the old-fashioned style of English tennis to defeat the more forcible methods of the modern American school, in spite of the initial advantage accruing to the latter from the much debated railroad service. Mr. Baerlein is essentially a clever player. To wonderful strength of wrist and unique quickness of footwork he adds a brain which has rarely been equalled in the annals of tennis. It was perfectly clear from the first that he had carefully thought out his plan of campaign, and was determined that nothing should cause him to swerve from a style of play most likely to baffle the forcible methods and somewhat stereotyped style of his

opponent. Mr. Crane likes the ball to be travelling fast. Mr. Baerlein was determined to keep the pace as slow as possible; Mr. Crane's back-hand stroke from the corner is the weakest spot in his armour. Mr. Baerlein attacked that spot on every possible opportunity. His method of dealing with the railroad service was remarkably clever. Hardly ever did he reply to it with the straight force for the dedans, which Mr. Crane so thoroughly appreciates. By a gentle stroke into either corner, preferably the back-hand or a slow, lobbing shot, he got the rest started on level terms, and, once it was started, his superior return and quickness of footwork gave him the upper hand. Of course, the very fact that he was able to compass this end argued ability on his part of exceptional merit. The stroke into the back-hand corner off the railroad service over the high part of the net is extraordinarily difficult to make with accuracy, but Mr. Baerlein was accuracy personified throughout the match. As a matter of fact, he missed only three noticeably easy balls in all three sets, and the number that he put on to the penthouse was phenomenally small. On the other hand, he rarely failed to finish the easy ball with well cut strokes on the floor which only missed the net by inches. Small wonder that Mr. Crane could make but little progress. Mr. Baerlein won the first two sets with ease at 6-2, 6-1. Then Mr. Crane raised the hopes of his supporters for a time by annexing the first two games of the third set, and at this time was playing very well indeed; but his opponent was not to be put off his game in any way, and, keeping to the methods which had already met with such success, he won the next six games, and with them the set, the match and the championship. Mr. Crane was not quite at his best and seemed a little nervous, but it must be remembered that throughout the match he was not allowed at any time to play the game which suits him best, and that under those circumstances to produce one's finest form is an impossibility. And so the Tennis Amateur Championship remains in England for another year; but all players must admire Mr. Crane's skill and congratulate him on the fine fight he made to capture it. With Mr. Lytton not defending his title, the Boston player broke through all our defences but one, and this, for a man in his forty-fifth year, was a notable achievement. Before his return to America last Saturday he engaged in a match on level terms with E. Johnson, the second best, if not the best, of our English professionals, and, though beaten by 3 sets to 1, covered himself with glory. By his sportsmanlike conduct both in victory and defeat he has won the admiration of all tennis players.

Complete list of winners of Amateur Championship:

1889. Sir Edward Grey.	1904. Mr. V. H. Pennell.
1890. Mr. E. B. C. Curtis.	1905-6. Mr. E. H. Miles.
1891. Sir Edward Grey.	1907-8. Mr. Jay Gould.
1892-4. Mr. H. E. Crawley.	1909-10. Mr. E. H. Miles.
1895-6. Sir Edward Grey.	1911. The Hon. N. S. Lytton.
1897. Mr. J. B. Gribble.	1912. Mr. E. M. Baerlein.
1898. Sir Edward Grey.	1913. The Hon. N. S. Lytton.
1899-1903. Mr. E. H. Miles.	1914. Mr. E. M. Baerlein.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

CIDER TASTING.

IN the West of England what was at first looked upon as a pleasant innovation has now grown into a much looked for annual event—this is the Cider Tasting Day at the National Fruit and Cider Institute, Long Ashton, near Bristol. When the institute was first founded it had to make its way supported by the subscriptions of a few members and associations, the scepticism of many, the much begrudged contributions from half a dozen county councils and a small grant from the Board of Agriculture. Though it was so financially weak, yet it did not make a false start, as it had to suit its work according to its means. The nurseries were planted and, from the fruit grown in an old orchard and other fruit obtained from the orchards of friends, a number of experimental ciders were made up, consisting mainly of single apple ciders and blends made from these. A number of experts were called in to sample these and pass their opinion upon them, and then the idea originated as to the desirability of inviting the members and their friends and the representatives of the various contributing public bodies to an annual tasting day, when they could sample the ciders, be shown through the nurseries and note the various trials and experiments being carried out. Year by year the numbers attending have grown until there were over two hundred present last week. The visitors found a perfect transformation effected. The former institute has now been made a National Research Station under the Bristol University; large grants from the Board of Agriculture have enabled spacious laboratories, cider and orchard houses to be erected; the old orchard has been grubbed up and replaced by young trees, while a suitable scientific staff has been installed under Professor B. P. P. Barker. The first part of the programme was to visit the cider house, where some ninety kinds of cider were set out before them. These consisted of sharps, sweets and bitter sweets, as well as a number of blends of ciders and of fruits, while there were also fermentation experiments obtained by means of yeasts. The consensus of opinion was that the two best single varieties were both in the sharp section, "Cap of Liberty" and "Kingston Blacks," but that the very best cider for taste was obtained from an ordinary blend

of mixed apples, the juice from which was naturally fermented. This, having been filtered and properly bottled, produced an exceedingly choice beverage. On the other hand, similar juice that had been keeved—that is, put into a cask without a head and allowed to work until a head formed, and this was skimmed off before the cider was put in its store cask—deteriorated the quality of the cider very much indeed. Among the yeasts employed, one obtained from a German wine exerted the greatest influence. The plantations were overburdened with the set of fruit, and the bloom on the later trees was magnificent. But it was more than evident that the scientific staff was hard put to cope with Nature's warfare against cultivated production. The first experiment to attract attention was the grassing of apple trees. The results show that, while for the first half-dozen years there is a gain in size by the tree that has a circle of cultivation around it, yet at ten years old the tree that has been allowed to have grass over its roots makes up the leeway and gains on the other. So far, all the experiments that have been tried have failed to eradicate the black currant mite. Endeavour is being made to catch the mite on its migration by means of grease banding. So far, the most successful treatment has been to cut the bushes hard back, and then stimulate to strong growth by means of rich manuring. Some cases of die-back in gooseberries were shown. Professor Barker said that he considered this to be far worse than American gooseberry mildew. The pear tree bacillus, which caused such ravages with the set of fruit last year, evidently needs a damp atmosphere in which to spread. This year it was hardly to be noticed.

E. W.

BUSINESS FARMING.

The Agricultural Returns show that in England and Wales over 95 per cent. of all agricultural holdings are "farmed for business"; and there is no doubt that, as a whole, these farmers for business make, at any rate, a living wage out of their labour, and a proportion of them something more than that. But whether they make as much as they might do is another matter; I think they do not. One reason is not far to seek. A very large number of farmers plough and sow, reap and gather, buy and sell, and just take what comes, hoping for the best but often fearing the worst. They do not attempt to exercise such full control as is within their power over their operations. We all know, of course, that two very important factors—the weather and prices—which are not under control may overturn all calculations, and this is frequently adduced as a sufficient justification for "taking things as they come." But neither the one nor the other is always unfavourable, and at the worst the matter is one for putting under average. Apart from these, there are other factors—controllable, and of equal importance—which have not yet been dealt with by modern investigators and which call loudly and insistently for attention. There is the question of account-keeping, for instance, and it is the only one I shall refer to. Enough has been said already by others as to the poor and scanty character of the book-keeping done by farmers. But no ordinary farmer can, unaided, provide and arrange the details and prepare the accounts which are requisite to show the results of his various operations, and that is what is required. He has neither the time nor the training nor the inclination necessary to enable him to do so. I have tried it more than once, and I know. I am convinced that on large holdings of 800 acres or 900 acres it would pay to employ a skilled agricultural book-keeper, say once in every five years, to make out a full record and account of the profit or loss attending each farming operation. This could be done, I think, at no great cost, if a few large farmers would combine for the purpose. But the information so obtained would, of course, be private, and would not be available for farmers as a body. Public information could only be obtained from a "public" farm, and this is what I suggest should be instituted in every county, or every group of counties where the system of farming is similar. The farms should be managed by a committee of practical farmers under the best scientific direction. Once the original capital is provided, the farms should not only pay their way, so far as ordinary expenses are concerned, but pay also a fair rate of interest on the capital, which in most cases and in ordinary circumstances would not waste, but remain intact. The question of capital is, therefore, one of credit rather than of cash, although cash would probably prove the more satisfactory plan. On the face of it, farmers should do something to help themselves in this matter, for they will be the first to benefit; but as a body they are not very willing to put their hands in their pockets even to help themselves. Landowners, too, might be expected to assist, and I have no doubt they would, in spite of the somewhat unwelcome attention which has been and is being paid to them by the authorities of the Imperial Exchequer. Lastly, by reason of the national character of the work, the Imperial Treasury might reasonably be expected to contribute some share of that part of the annual expenses which was necessitated by the scientific direction and record-taking. The farms would be managed on strictly business lines, of course, and the results obtained over a number of years would show the value in ordinary farming practice of present-day scientific knowledge, linked to good practical farming. A complete and full record of costs would also be obtainable, and this, after all, would be the chief object in view. Such a record would be of inestimable benefit to all farmers who were working on similar lines.

J. C.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A NOTABLE GORILLA.

ONE of the original gorillas brought home from the Gabun by P. B. Du Chaillu in the sixties is still exhibited in the Natural History Museum, as one of two representatives of the biggest species of ape that ever walked this earth. As a grim historical relic it has, no doubt, a certain interest of its own, but from the point of view of the general public, who naturally expect the specimens on view in the national collection to be the finest of the kind and creditable examples of the highest style of modern advanced taxidermy, it is a dismal failure, which ought to be relegated to the obscurity of the store-rooms, where similar "corks" are kept for the benefit of the enquiring student. But such an important, albeit decrepit, specimen cannot be removed from the public galleries unless there is another, and better, one to take its place, and, as a general rule, this would be difficult to find. It happens, however, that in their Piccadilly showrooms Messrs. Rowland Ward, Limited, have at the present moment what is probably the finest mounted example of a full-grown male gorilla that has ever been seen, and it will be a thousand pities if such a magnificent specimen does not eventually find a home in our own Natural History Museum.

This gorilla, which came from the Congo Free State, is remarkable for the great development of long black hair on the head, shoulders, arms, loins and legs. So abundant, indeed, is the growth on the shoulders that, from a back view, the animal looks almost as though it were wearing a coachman's fur tippet, this long black hair of the shoulders forming a striking contrast with the much shorter grey hair clothing the lower part of the back, which is, again, succeeded by long black hair on the loins. Very judiciously the monster has been mounted, with the long arms and relatively short legs somewhat bent, after the manner natural to gorillas, instead of absolutely straight. This pose detracts, of course, to a certain extent from the animal's height, but even so, the specimen stands, as mounted, 5ft. 2in. from the soles of the feet to the crown of the head, while the girth of the capacious chest is no less than 4ft. 7in., the measurement "below the belt" being 5ft. 3in. The arms, when extended, probably had a spread of about 10ft., the length of the upper arm, from the shoulder to the elbow, is 1ft. 10in., and that of the forearm, from the elbow to the edge of the nail of the middle finger, 2ft. 5in. Nor are the proportions of the

villainously low head, with its squab nose and great, ugly, projecting lips, less noteworthy, the extreme length from back to front, measured between uprights, being no less than 15in.

The recent discovery of the Piltown skull in Sussex has conferred an additional interest on the projecting muzzle of the gorilla and its cousin, the chimpanzee, for there can be little doubt that, as Professor Elliot Smith has well said, while the Piltown man—the lowest form of the human type known to science—had attained a much higher type of brain, it yet retained much of the facial character and brutality of the man-like apes.

R. L.



A NOTABLE SPECIMEN OF A MALE GORILLA.

RARE ANIMAL ARRIVES AT THE "ZOO."

It is very many years since the Zoological Society possessed an Ouakari monkey, and the arrival at the gardens of a specimen of the red-faced Ouakari fills a long-felt gap. Of the three known species, all are characterised by their long, silky hair and extreme shortness of tail, this latter feature rendering them unique among the American monkeys. Ouakaris are arboreal in habit and live upon fruits. The natives capture them with the use of a blow-pipe and poison-tipped arrows, and when a wounded monkey falls to the ground, the hunter quickly secures it and gives it a pinch of salt to act as an antidote to the poison. Even in their native country these monkeys are very rare, and, furthermore, extremely delicate in constitution. A very large proportion of those captured succumb before reaching the coast. As its name implies, the red-faced Ouakari possesses a bright scarlet face. The intensity of this colouring is said to be a sure index as to the animal's health, for when ailing the tint of it becomes quite pale.



W. S. Berridge.

Copyright.

RED-FACED OUAKARI MONKEY.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A NATURALIST'S CALENDAR (FOR EAST LANCASHIRE).

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—The following are some dates of arrival of summer migrants about Stonyhurst, East Lancashire:

March		April	
Wheatears	27	Corncrake	30
April		May	
Sand martins	2	Swifts	2
Willow wrens	10	Spotted fly-catchers	2
Redstarts	10	Nightjar	3
Swallows	12	Greater White throats	3
Yellow wagtails	13	Lesser white throats	3
Common sandpipers	13	Blackcaps	9
House martins	19	Garden warblers	9
Cuckoo	20	Sedge warblers	9

Dated list of nests with eggs found in same district:

March		April	
Robin	11	Curlew	26
Dipper	15	Waterhen	26
Tawny owl	23	Skylark	26
Woodcock	24	Grey wagtail	27
Snipe	29	Wheatear	28
April		May	
Hedge sparrow	2	Magpie	29
Song thrush	4	Meadow pipit	30
Blackbird	4	May	
Heron	7	Great tit	1
Lapwing	10	Sparrow hawk	2
Long-eared owl	13	Kestrel	2
Redshank	19	Chaffinch	3
Starling	25	Wheatear	3
Pied wagtail	25	Merlin	3
Carriion crow	26	Redstart	3

—F. J. IRWIN.

HABITS OF SLOW-WORMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I should be glad if you would kindly note this query in COUNTRY LIFE if it is an unusual occurrence. I have a slow-worm which takes to a bath of water like a grass snake. I have not seen it drink or coil itself in the water, but it lies in it. Is not this different from the general habits of this reptile? I have always read that they avoided water. I have had this one for more than twelve months, and it has always done this. I have kept several before, but have never seen any go into the water except this one.—R. J. C. S.

WILD DOGS AND TIGERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—Many old books on Indian sport contain references to tigers being attacked by wild dogs, and Sanderson, I fancy, mentions one case of a village

our gallantly holding on to a tiger's tail, though it must have been an exceptional animal. A friend of mine sends me the following note, which is vouched for by a personal friend of his. This gentleman writes: "Had a great Christmas shoot. Did very well with small game, but all the big game were swept out by wild dogs. One of the tigers we were after was killed by the dogs—all that was left of him was his head, four feet, and several square yards of blood on the leaves of bushes." It is seldom that so really well authenticated an instance of this kind comes under notice. It will doubtless interest many of your Indian readers.—H. F. W.

SUICIDE OF LONG-TAILED FIELD MOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A friend of the writer has noted some curious points with regard to field mice caught in box traps. As most people will have observed, house mice are alive and well on the following morning when taken in box traps.

In fact, these mice can be transferred to a cage, and will live and feed in captivity, though they do not lose their natural wildness. Such, however, is not the case with field mice. They are usually found to be dead when the traps are examined. This applies to short-tailed as well as long-tailed field mice. The writer's friend, being interested in this circumstance, examined his traps early, and one morning actually saw a long-tailed mouse, which was alive when he went to the trap, bend its head down and fix its teeth into the upper part of the chest as near the throat as it could reach. The little creature then lapsed into a comatose condition and shortly after died. It seems difficult to believe that this was a case of deliberate suicide, but the circumstances are sufficiently strange to merit further investigation. It may, of course, have been merely the natural instinct of a captured animal to seize and bite something; but the fact that it should have curved round its head into an awkward position in order to bite its own chest is very odd.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COUNTRY COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The COUNTRY LIFE National Competition for Cottage Designs has aroused such a widespread enthusiasm in the question of the housing of the rural workers that it may be interesting if a few examples of existing types of country cottages are reproduced as a contrast to those suggested by the combination of architectural experts, the designs of which have recently appeared in COUNTRY LIFE. Taking a comparatively modern example first, attention may be drawn to the admirable cottages recently erected in the village of Ashton, near Oundle, by the Hon. N. C. Rothschild, for the accommodation of labourers on his estate. Commencing by pulling down a number of picturesque but dilapidated thatched cottages, he erected substantially built houses of stone in pairs around the village green. A glimpse at the photographs will show that even in so small a community there is diversity of design so far as the outward appearance is concerned. These houses are let to tenants at a rental of about thirteen-pence a week, and are provided with baths, w.c.'s, and hot and cold water taps over the sink. After an inspection of these cottages the only criticism I can offer is to question the advisability, owing to the inflammatory nature of the materials, of roofing them with reed thatch. There have been so many fires in the neighbourhood of Ashton arising from thatched roofs that it would appear to have been preferable to have used tiles for roofing.—HENRY WALKER, Legbourne, Louth.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I want to write to tell you how great a success I consider you have made with the Competition for Cottage Designs, the prize drawings of which you published a fortnight ago. It is undoubtedly the most interesting and useful collection of cottage plans that has as yet been brought together. Every time I take up that copy of COUNTRY LIFE it gives me great pleasure to look at the many types of plan and study the variations which have been developed by experience or through the ingenuity of the designers. I have heard architects criticise the whole thing and, ignoring its educative effect, say that there is nothing new in the plans that you have just published. This,



THATCHED COTTAGES AT ASHTON, NEAR OUNDLE.

I think, is not at all the right way to look at it, and my reply to the criticism was: "Consider for a moment what a similar competition would have produced twenty years ago." It would have been a very different and, I need hardly say, a very inferior set of plans that would have resulted. Without in the least detracting from the pioneer movement resulting in the "Cheap Cottage" Exhibition of 1905, it is only necessary to place side by side the catalogue of that Exhibition with the series of plans now published in COUNTRY LIFE to see clearly the advance that has been made in the nine intervening years. This would not have been possible without the inducement given and the praiseworthy scheme carried through by COUNTRY LIFE. I think, Sir, that we owe you, and those who have laboured with you, a debt of gratitude both for the work you have done and the work you have encouraged in those who have responded to your invitation, and I am perfectly certain of this—that still greater good will follow from the erection of the actual cottage buildings in the different counties of England and Scotland.—F. W. TROUP.

[The name of Mr. Troup has been so long and closely associated with the advance in cottage building that his praise is praise indeed. In the competition our purpose was less to call forth novelty than to show that seemly building need mean neither less comfort for the cottager nor more expense to the builder.—Ed.]



ERECTED FOR THE HON. N. C. ROTHSCHILD.

INSECTS AND GOLF GREENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The samples of turf sent me from various golf courses show that injury is caused by a number of insects, the three common types being the new pest which we may call the golf green maggot, the common leather-jacket and St. Mark's fly. A complete account of the investigation of the new pest will be published later; it will probably interest your readers less than it will entomologists, but we may say now that the insect is probably a new species, that it is extremely destructive when abundant, and that the fly form is now hatching out. The stage in which the insect is most susceptible to attack is the maggot stage, and we advise that it should be attacked then. Our method of treatment appears to be sound, and we have ample evidence that it is entirely harmless to grass. It is clearly a disadvantage to have to apply a separate treatment for three different insects which are pests and not easy to recognise; we have therefore

sought for a remedy which will act on all the three insects mentioned above, so that a golf green treated for one is automatically treated for all. The difficulty in effecting this has lain mainly on the technical side, as we have been unable to find any existing preparation which combines the qualities which our experiments with the different insects have shown to be necessary. Fortunately we have obtained the generous assistance of manufacturers who have turned out a preparation combining our requirements in a remarkable manner. It would be useless to advocate the use of a material that can neither be made up without expert assistance nor bought, so we have arranged for the supply of this preparation; it is, perhaps, needless to say we have no interest in its sale. The preparation is in the form of powder, which is sprinkled on the green at the rate of about 10lb. to 200 square yards; it may be lightly watered or left to wash in with the first shower. It brings out from the soil all leather-jackets, which may be swept up if very abundant; it kills the maggot of the fly and prevents the fly laying eggs; it keeps the soil free from other insect pests. What effect it will have on worms is uncertain, but it is worth trying as a substitute for the very dangerous mineral worm-killers now in use. We believe that we have in this remedy one that is thoroughly effective and that will be a great boon. We shall be glad to give the address of the makers, and we here thank them for their co-operation. We have also to thank those secretaries of golf clubs who sent in turf; it would have been very satisfactory if far more had done so, and we shall be glad to get more turf and to examine and report on the pests found in it.—N. J. LEFROY, Royal College of Science, South Kensington.

GULLS IN THE SCILLY ISLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—The enclosed photograph of the great black-back gull was taken in the Scilly Isles, where these gulls breed in large quantities. They are the biggest of the gull tribe. When stretched out the wings measure quite six feet from tip to tip; they are magnificent birds to look at. They are very savage with



A GREAT BLACK-BACK GULL.

the other birds. I have seen them kill puffins in one second; this they do by standing over their nesting holes and catching them as they come out, and then make a meal of them. One day I saw two of them having a tremendous fight in the air. Getting nearer I found one had got a young gull about a week old, which it was trying to fly away with, but was attacked, I suppose, by the parent bird. It finally was made to drop it, but as the little thing seemed to be badly hurt I killed it. I have also seen them kill many young thrushes and blackbirds, etc., fully fledged, which they swallowed whole. Their beaks are tremendously strong. We have a tame one which is very vicious, particularly in the spring. One day it pecked me on the arm and broke the skin, even through a very thick coat, so no wonder the poor birds are killed in a second. Full-grown rabbits are also killed by them.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

THE SAILOR'S MOLLY MAWK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much interested in Mr. L. W. Powys' letter, as I am always glad to hear anything about those great ocean birds which were my companions for many years. I think, however, he will find that the fishermen call the fulmar petrel the malle-moke or molly, and that by a "mollymawk" is always understood one of the smaller albatrosses. It is, of course, possible that a fisherman from those parts (Shetlands) who became a sailor might have introduced the name. The representative in the southern latitudes of the fulmar is the giant petrel.—D. WILSON-BARKER (Captain.)

COUNTRY-MADE WINES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your leading article you mention a few of the home-made wines which were so common three-quarters of a century ago, and you omit mention of a score of others. Oxlips are not so plentiful as cowslips, but the former made a superior kind when made by those "who knew how." Perhaps a

still better wine was made from parsnips, of as fine a scent as taste. A good wine may be made of red beet, nor need mangolds be omitted; and I remember how my mother attempted a wine from the common white pottage turnip which did not turn out amiss. Her great forte, however, was the making of elder and damson wines. A year ago I finished the last bottle of elder wine which she had made twenty-five years ago in Derbyshire, and the last was better than the first. There was "slow" or sloe wine, but, as you say, it was too sour and bitter, and needed double its bulk of sugar. "Sloe gin" was a tippie only made now and then, its chief merit being to set the teeth on edge. —THOMAS RATCLIFFE.



A SIXTEEN POINT ASIATIC ROEBUCK.

Length of horn 15in.

ROE HEADS.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As the photographs of the Belgian roe heads, which I sent you recently, appear to have been of interest to your readers, I venture to enclose two sketches. One is of an unusually fine specimen of the Asiatic roe (*C. pygargus*), shot by Mr. Charles Howard Bury. It carries no fewer than sixteen points and has a length of 15in. The other sketch shows a fine roebuck's head, shot by my friend, Mr. A. Buxton, on a recent visit to the Caucasus, the length is 11½in. Mr. Buxton tells me he could see no difference at all between these roe and the European variety (*C. caprea*). Big heads are as rare there as they are in Great Britain, and that shown in the sketch is a very good one, though rather smooth. —F. WALLACE.

THE BURNHAM ALTAR-PIECE.

THE EDITOR, SIR,—I was much interested in your history of the Burnham altar-piece in *COUNTRY LIFE* for March 21st, as we had photographed portions of it some years ago and knew its reputed story. I am writing because a fortnight ago I visited the church and found a new indignity had been offered to the poor relics; new "altar" hangings have been put up, and the two central panels, including the charming Cupid with the thuribulum, decently hidden behind a green curtain. Cannot some step be taken to restore them to our view?—HENRY CORDER.



CAUCASIAN ROEBUCK.

Length of horn 11½in.



NIMROD OPENING THE DOOR.

common on Salisbury Plain, and it is sometimes called locally the "big-knee" or "thick-knee." I have never known it to be associated with the bustard, and I do not think that any one who knows the neighbourhood would for a moment associate the Bustard Inn with anything but the true bustard. Salisbury Plain is so known historically as the habitat of this fine bird that it is quite unnecessary to suggest any other solution for the name of the inn, situated as it is in the heart of the plain. Yesterday I interviewed an old man of ninety, who in his young days worked on Rollstone Farm, which adjoins the inn, and he told me that he "could mind that the old zing wer' a gert burd like a hen peacock." This description gives a clear indication that the representative was a bustard, and not a curlew, and would carry us back at least seventy years. An excellent account of the history of the bustard on our Wiltshire Downs will be found in "The Birds of Wiltshire," by the Rev. A. C. Smith. The last records of this bird in Wiltshire

DO ANIMALS REASON.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It is surprising what the sound of a knife being sharpened on a stone will do. My cat, Nimrod (so called in the hope that the mantle of his biblical namesake might fall upon him), has a keen ear for that sound and associates it with the cutting up of meat, hence his attendance is necessary at that function. Even the fact that the back door is shut does not stop him. He springs up and holds the handle with one paw; with the other he rattles the latch until it is free and the door swings open, and Nimrod has arrived. I was fortunate enough to catch him in the act, and the photograph shows him at work. I cannot argue that animals reason or that they do not. I can only produce evidence of the fact that my cat wants to get in, and, in the words of the late G. W. Steevens, "Knows what to do—How to do it—Does it."—F. W. HOCKADAY.

THE BUSTARD INN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Hutchinson's inquiry herein, although the stone curlew is still quite

are as follows: On January 3rd, 1856, one was killed at Savernake Forest. In January, 1871, a flock of seven were seen on the wing at Mad-dington, and on the 23rd a birdkeeper saw four of these flying along, and brought one of them down at a distance of 132yds. with a marble, with which his gun was loaded. On the 25th another pair were seen at Berwick St. James, one of which was killed. The first bird is preserved in our Salisbury Museum. Several bustards were recorded in other parts of England about this time, and it has been suggested, with considerable probability, that they were driven off the plains of France by the Franco-German War.—E. A. RAWLENCE.

PETRIFICATION

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the Dropping Well of Knareborough, Yorkshire. This so-called "well" consists of a small flow of water (charged with some mineral) gently trickling over the face of a big rock into a pool below, just by the side of the river. Articles hung up on this rock with the water flowing over them are, sooner or later, turned to stone. The time taken in petrifying an article seems to be greatly dependent on its capacity of saturation; thus the partly knitted sock with its ball of wool still hanging to it (seen in the photograph to the left of the row of articles) would only take two or three weeks to harden, whereas the felt hat (hanging a little more to the right) would take much longer. A great number of stuffed birds and small animals, also a knitted stocking, are seen hanging up; these, when petrified, are sold to visitors.—G. A. M. BAKER.



THE DROPPING "WELL" AT KNAREBOROUGH.

SWIFTS AT CAMPDEN HILL.

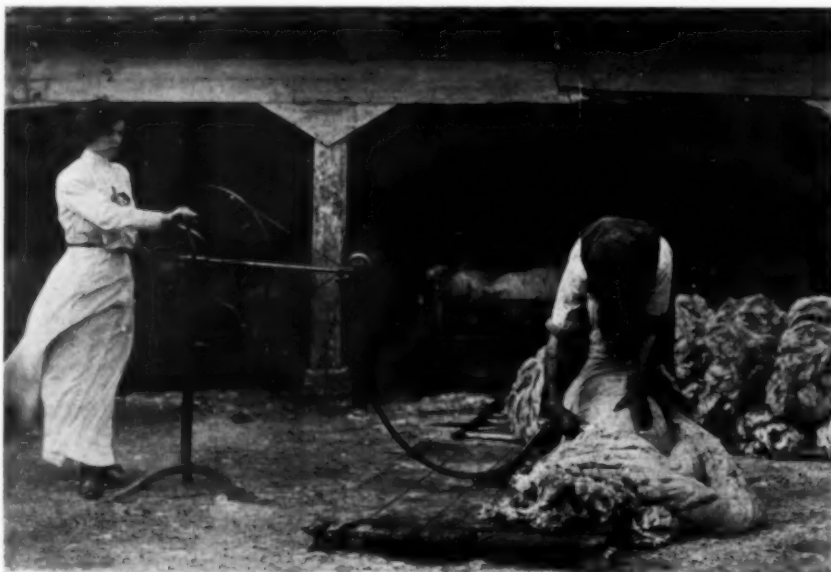
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Two swifts flew over the waterworks on the north side of this house on the morning of the 4th inst., at about 8 p.m. I have only twice before seen swifts here, on both occasions in the month of July, once last year and once in 1911.—SYDNEY MOORE, 14, Airlie Gardens, Campden Hill, W.

TWO STALWART SHEARERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a shepherd and his daughter who have sheared between them a flock of two hundred southdowns. His daughter



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DAUGHTER AT WORK.

works the machine while the shepherd clips. The shepherd herds his flocks on a farm near here in the midst of some of the most delightful country in England. Not far away, is a delightful old, red brick house, which tradition asserts was at one time the residence of Nell Gwynne, while round about are many other places of historical interest. It seems remarkable that such large tracts of country at a distance from London which is by no means great, should have retained their charm unspoiled and unsullied. Everyone who cares for the country should be thankful for these retreats.—J. T. NEWMAN (Gaddesden).